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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth: comprising the Political History of the Commencement of the English Reformation. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S.L. 4to. pp. 694. London, 1826. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

THE name of Sharon Turner, as a profound investigator and able historian, needs no introduction to the literature of any country, and far less to that of his own. His works have stamped him with the highest character in the branch to which he has chiefly devoted his talents, and he has built that character upon the surest and most lasting foundations. His histories are not elaborated theories, where the studied graces of fine composition, and the plausible flow of eloquent language, are more the aim of the writer, than the discovery and development of truth: by exploring the only sure sources of information—sources which have too often been monstrously and criminally neglected—by using a diligence the most exemplary—applying a labour the most indefatigable—and exercising a judgment the most enlightened and impartial, he has elicited facts long buried under the superincumbent rubbish of those ages of conjecture which have usurped their place, and fairly made the public acquainted with events as they really happened, not as imagination or love of hypothesis might influence him to represent them.

In the present volume, the author's research is very conspicuous, and he has thrown much new light upon a period which may well be considered as the most important in the annals of England. And it may readily be understood how Mr. Turner has succeeded in rendering his work so valuable; for he tells us—

"It has been composed on the plan of forming it entirely from documents and writers contemporary with the facts narrated, and not from later authors. These have very rarely been resorted to; and never, but to fill up some vacancy left by the original sources, and where it seemed certain that what was borrowed from their notices had been taken from more ancient and genuine authorities." And no genuine history can be produced by any other means: private epistolary correspondence, instructions to ambassadors, and official papers, are indeed superior to contemporary publication, or even to contemporary manuscripts intended for publicity; but the latter are indispensable to the historian as current comment upon the former, and elucidatory context. To all has Mr. Turner had recourse, and from all has he brought intelligence to add to the more perfect understanding of this remarkable epoch. Such of our readers as have perused Mrs. Thomson's excellent *Memoirs of Henry's reign*, (reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 484, 485), will have had a useful and agreeable preparation for enjoying the volume which we now so cordially recommend to their attention; and such as have not followed our former advice, may perfect the mas-

culine view of the great political and religious occurrences (from 1509 to 1547) here presented, by adding afterwards the less strictly historical details of domestic manners and customs, for which we are indebted to the female pen.

Mr. Turner's Preface is plain but interesting. He acknowledges to have felt a degree of languor in his literary pursuits, which no one who reads this volume will not give him credit for having completely shaken off; and notices that his inability to decide on the respective statements of Mr. Southey and Mr. Butler in their polemical controversy, stimulated him to resume his investigations. We are obliged to these gentlemen at least for this result, if their skilful warfare had produced no other. Mr. T. takes the Protestant side very strongly; not as an opinionist, but as the honest relater of the circumstances which his industry has unfolded. For this he deserves great praise: his opinion would not be better than the opinion of any other acute, sensible, and well-informed man; but there is no overcoming the weight of his documents and facts, except by the counterpoise of other documents and facts equally well established. His history must, therefore, be received as a powerful ally in the cause of the Reformation and Protestant religion; but let us further observe, that it betrays nothing of the spirit of intolerance,—none of that bigotry in the new creed, the charge of which led to its separation from the old,—none of that dogmatism which despises and opposes, till it hates and persecutes, all doctrines but its own.

"Wishing" (says he, in the right tone of feeling which belongs to such momentous inquiries) "wishing not to wound the feelings or to disturb unnecessarily the favourite opinions of any, the author would not willingly have counteracted the belief of many catholic gentlemen whom he respects, springing in them from the best of feelings, and originating in ancient assertions which have long been re-echoed, that the ecclesiastical persons who suffered public punishment under Henry or his successors were destroyed only for their religion, and not for any legal criminality. This opinion has been industriously circulated by their friends ever since their deaths, to save both their memory and their cause from that odium which, under every form of government must, for the general welfare, be attached to all political treason. But it has become impossible for the author to doubt that, however they may have acted in obedience to their consciences, the clergy who perished by execution in Henry's reign were engaged in practices connected with insurrection and treason; and were convicted and punished because they were pursuing them. The grounds for this opinion will appear in those parts of the history which relate to it. But there is one high authority on this subject as to corresponding events in the reign of Elizabeth, which is worth quoting here. It is a public statement of the lord high treasurer in the beginning of the reign of James I. which every one may verify for him-

self by consulting the catholic authors to whom the king's prime minister alludes. In the celebrated conference before this sovereign at Hampton Court in 1603, Dr. Reynolds applied for the suppression or restraint of unlawful and seditious books. The king perceiving and intimating that the angry doctor meant those of the secular priests and jesuits of the Romish church, told him that he was a better collegeman than a statesman for making such an application; and two of the cabinet ministers gave their separate reasons in vindication of the government's permitting the obnoxious publications to be freely circulated. Lord Cecil remarked, that 'they were tolerated because in them the title of Spain was confused;' and the Lord Treasurer added, that Dr. Reynolds might have observed another use of these books, namely, that now by the testimony of those priests themselves, her late majesty and the state were cleared of the imputation of putting papists to death for their conscience only, SEEING IN THOSE BOOKS THEY THEMSELVES CONFESS THAT THEY WERE EXECUTED FOR TREASON."

The commencement of the reign of the youthful Henry was a memorable epoch. Looking at the history of mankind, there seems to have been periodical revolutions, at the fulfilment of which the human intellect made some grand and wonderful advance; gained as it were a new stage of ascent, and instead of climbing gradually upward, with a limited prospect and a confused retrospect, leaped at once upon the commanding station, and saw a wide and glorious horizon all around. The history of every separate art and science furnishes data for the same observation; and upon the great scale it is clearly demonstrable in the moral and intellectual world. Some mighty mind has arisen, some extraordinary combination of events has taken place, some prodigious phenomenon has occurred; and in the space of ten short years man has done more than during five preceding centuries. Mr. Turner is justified in holding the reign of Henry VIII. to be an era of this kind—"one of those emerging periods of reviving splendour in the cultivation of the human mind."

The king himself was in his earlier days a noble specimen not only of royalty but of humanity. He was admirable for his personal qualities, brave, liberal, a lover of learning, and, in short, a model for princes. How he became the tyrant, which is one word to express every thing that is detestable, is shown by our author; but upon the whole his portrait of Henry is more favourable than that which is popularly accredited; while, on the contrary, his character of Wolsey depicts him as deformed with greater faults and vices than have been attached to his name, except by enemies who triumphed over his fall. Respecting his majesty it is stated—

"We purpose to lay before our readers, without comment, the simple extracts that we have found concerning Henry's character in the letters of Erasmus, and in the writings

of some other literary men who then lived, prefixing and adding also others, from an eager adversary, Cardinal Pole; and we shall find, that for the first twenty-seven years of his reign, an extent of time which six only of his royal predecessors since the conquest had reached, no sovereign ever received from persons of other countries, or of his own, such ardent and undisputed panegyric. So that if Henry had died, after this length of reign, before the act of parliament for abolishing the papal supremacy in England, the mortal and yet unpardoned offence of this applauded prince, had been carried into resolute execution, no king, since Alfred the Great, would have descended to his tomb with such lavish encomiums and universal admiration from the literature of that period. If he had died the day before he signed the death-warrant of Fisher, and decided on that of Sir Thomas More, he would have nearly rivalled our great Saxon benefactor, in his historical praise, and perhaps in the public gratitude. In the decline of his life, changes certainly began, which will be noticed in their due place, which have been since applied with undistinguishing confusion to his whole character. But the present age is desirous to rescue itself from prejudices of every sort, and therefore it will be justice to his real merits to remember, that his reign lasted thirty-seven years, and that for nearly three-fourths of this period his celebrity shone unchallenged and unclouded, and was accompanied through all Europe for that long interval with the harmonious voices, from all parts, of unanimous applause. It was only in the latter ten years, from the 45th to the 55th year of his life, that the darker and censurable feelings and actions appeared which have attached to his memory its proverbial reproaches. It is our duty to separate these two unequal portions of his life and reputation from each other."

The testimonies adduced fully bear out these assertions: of Wolsey, on the other hand, it is remarked, in various places—

"Having contemplated, in the preceding chapter, the cardinal's manners and habits, we may consider, for a few moments, his mental qualities and their real size. When we review the mass of the cardinal's correspondence with so many of the princes, statesmen, ambassadors, and men of business in Europe, and see the active and laborious thought which was continually working within him, and compare this with his ostentatious parade, we can scarcely avoid surprise that such intellectual energies should seek gratification from a laborious and fastidious pomp, which was intended and used only to be a daily voice to mankind, 'What a wonderfully great man this is!' He might have been truly great without this frippery; his station, his power, his influence, his abilities, his honest exertions, if they had not been crossed by his double dealing, were every day silently exhibiting him to be such. By these, without a word or gesture from himself, he rose to be superior to all but his sovereign; and that sovereign was for many years singularly subservient to his secret and magical government. What more was necessary even for his personal exaltation? what could enhance it but the crown upon his own brow? and yet, as if insensible to the sources of his real grandeur, he stepped, as it were, out of them to prevent its attainment, by striving to create a factitious, mocking, and unpopular enlargement, out of the trappings which the labour of the humblest members of society, and their silks, velvets, colours, and metals, could fabri-

cate. He abandoned the indisputable aggrandisement of intellect and virtue, for that deceiving shadow, which artisans, machinations, and strutting menials, are supposed to produce, and which compels the mind to question if he had real claims to any other.

"The truth is, that although Wolsey grew up to manhood with powers and faculties that if rightly used would have placed him among those elevated and selected characters whom we agree to call great men, he so soon spoilt and misdirected himself, that he never became such. Pride, arrogance, vanity, and dissimulation, the destroyers of all moral grandeur, diminished him so repeatedly into an egotist, an actor, an hypocrite, a trickster, a tyrant, an ambi-dexter, a coxcomb, and a pantomimical puppet, that the natural giant fell to pieces, like the mighty image whose limbs, half iron and half clay, had no continuous strength, and no substantial foundation.

"The spirit of his administration was peculiarly diplomatic, and always flowing from, and connected with, himself.

"If the measures to which he led his royal master be considered only in their individual detail, they bear the features of being subtle, inconsistent, entangling, deceptive, interested, and insincere, and some of his negotiations deserve the worst of these epithets. He was certainly a double dealer, and neither understood the value of good faith, frankness, honour, probity, and undisguising intrepidity, nor could make them the foundation nor the instruments of his policy. He frequently preferred the wily, the intricate, the secret, the insidious, the selfish, the mysterious, and the contradictory—not more, indeed, perhaps not so much, as several other statesmen of his day, and especially those of the Roman court, which, for the last half century, had been repeatedly giving to the world, or at least to the various ambassadors who could detect its meaning, the worst specimens of the worst principles which Machiavel, whether satirically or seriously, has illustrated in his 'Il Principe'—a work perhaps rather meant to reveal, than to teach, what every moral sense and manly judgment can only read to abhor, and what has been declining in human practice ever since his exposure.

"His personal objects were to acquire the papacy, to become the talk and wonder of all men, and to be the governing hand of the English power. His public purposes were, to keep the ecclesiastical order, to which he belonged, and therefore the pope, as its head, in the first rank of earthly state—to let no kingdom surpass his own in ruling influence, or by extending its dominion; and to preserve the peace and independence of Europe undisturbed, by creating and maintaining a balance of power between the states that could endanger it."

In his personal aim he was defeated; and in his public measures he was so unsteady that they were only rewarded with very partial success; but we cannot quite make up our minds to go the whole length with Mr. Turner in exculpating the monarch at the expense of the minister. But passing from these considerations, and from the beginning into the more important dates of the reign of Henry, when in union with the young Emperor Charles he waged war against the also youthful Francis the First,* we find that Mr. Turner's researches among the letters and government despatches

* We specify that the three sovereigns were all young, because it forms one of those combinations of circumstances to which we have referred great changes in the world in our preliminary remarks.—Ed.

preserved in the British Museum, have been especially rewarded by enabling him to bring forward some very interesting matter, which is thus noticed in his preface:—

"On the transactions of the celebrated Duke of Bourbon, the author has occupied a space which he has thought was not disproportioned to their novelty and importance in our annals. The peculiar connexion of all his movements with English history has never been noticed before; and much which is developed in these pages from official papers, and from his own letters, will be found as new to the French nation as to our own. It has not been known before to our neighbours any more than to ourselves, as far as the writer has hitherto observed, that this personage, so famed as the Connétable de Bourbon, swore allegiance to Henry VIII. and engaged to make him King of France, and invaded it for that purpose; and was earnest, notwithstanding his failures, to renew and to consummate his project. But on this, as on the other neglected matter which has been introduced, care has been taken to insert nothing which did not bear on great events; and, therefore, much minor detail has been passed by, that what was really important, or leading onwards to momentous results, might not be confused or clouded by any thing which time has beneficially dropped, or rendered uninteresting to the present mind and prospects of the world."

So described, readers will turn with avidity to the chapters which treat of this portion of the history; nor will their curiosity be disappointed. About 1523, the discontent of the famous Constable de Bourbon was exasperated into rebellion; and he concerted with the King of England and the Emperor of Germany a plan for the invasion of France, which, if it had been carried into effect, would, in all probability, have accomplished the dethronement of Francis, and the crowning of Henry as King of France. But

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a'jee!"

and so it happened to this formidable compact, the objects of which were disconcerted by a variety of causes. Bourbon was by no means so constant in the closet as he was firm in the field. He vacillated, and instead of heading a potent revolt in his native country, had to fly from it with great difficulty, and place himself in the command of mercenaries. These mercenaries were corruptible, and corrupted with gold; and their untimely retreat on one side disorganised all the measures and operations on other sides connected with their invasion. Thus the plans of the combined powers were frustrated in 1523-24; and when renewed again, after Francis's restoration from imprisonment (after the battle of Pavia, 1525), Wolsey had been disappointed of the tiara; and, in 1527, Bourbon was slain at the capture of Rome by the Imperialists and Spaniards,—and Henry, taking up the cardinal's cause, (who ascribed his failure to the emperor), fell off from his allies, and concluded a treaty with the King of France. The effects of this change will be felt so long as Europe exists. Wolsey's enmity to the emperor led to the divorce of his aunt Queen Catherine, the rupture with the See of Rome, and the Reformation in England. But, before going into any of these matters, (should we deem it necessary for the illustration of the work,) we must direct attention to some of the passages which relate to the connexion between Henry and the Constable de Bourbon.

"The campaign of 1522 had effected so little,

that the imperial cabinet became anxious to make the next more formidable. One of the plans for this purpose appears in a letter from the emperor's ambassador at Venice to his minister in London. It is there suggested, that three armies should invade France from as many quarters at the same time. One from the Ligurian coast through Nice, might descend into Provence, while another issued out of Spain, and Henry debarked into Picardy. These three bodies could simultaneously march to a central point of union in France, 'with the highest hope of a total and universal victory.' Such are the flattering delusions of paper campaigns. These easy speculators forget commissariats, weather, fortifications, passes, points of defence, patriotic feelings, a vigilant enemy, perpetual resistance, and a country made bare in the line of march. But Francis adopted a plan that paralysed the arm of the English government. He called in to popular observation and activity in the beginning of the year, a pretender to the throne, in the person of the White Rose, as Dela Pole, the descendant of the house of York, was entitled; and threatened Henry with an invasion, supported by a large body of his forces,* which former experience had shewn to be always formidable, and sometimes successful. The movements of this dangerous adversary were carefully watched,† and many plans laid for his apprehension. But a peril of an analogous nature was now opening against Francis. In his pursuit of the emperor in October 1521, he gave the command of his vanguard to his sister's husband, the Duc d'Alençon, instead of the Duc de Bourbon, his ablest general, who claimed it as the Constable of France. Bourbon brooded over the preference with silent discontent; but the lady regent claiming the estates of his deceased wife, and also discouraging his desire to have her in marriage, his resentment began to meditate revenge and revolt, as only by revolt he could take the vengeance he coveted. His angry feelings were observed by the English ambassador at Paris, and communicated to Wolsey. That such a new stimulus to protracted warfare should occur at this juncture, was the more unfortunate for Francis, because the emperor was beginning then to feel the necessity of a peace or truce; and by his own letter, and through his agent, was conveying his wishes to the English court. The pope also was professing the same tranquillising desire. The momentous consequences to Henry, to Europe, and to mankind, which ultimately followed from what the Duke of Bourbon from this time planned, directed, or achieved, make the history of his defection an important part of the history of England, although from not being studied in the official documents that exist, its impressive connexion with our annals has hitherto been little noticed, and some of its most interesting incidents entirely unknown. It was in the beginning of 1523 that he allowed the passions of his pride to agitate him into determined treason; and he sent a secret agent to the emperor, to inti-

mate his complaints against the French king; his desire even to unite with the enemies of his country, that he might gratify his wrathful feelings against the sovereign he now hated; and offering to bind himself to join them with five hundred men at arms and ten thousand foot.‡ He desired that both Henry and Charles should invade France, and that the emperor should give him one of his sisters in marriage for his reward, with a convenient dowry. He endeavoured to cover the deformity of the transaction by a veil of patriotism, which was continued in the phrases of those who hoped to benefit from his crime, that both parties might keep its immorality out of sight. The French king, as if surmising some of the impending consequences, inclined to prevent them by conciliating the duke; and one project mentioned for that purpose was to give his young sister-in-law, Renée, in marriage to Bourbon. No effectual step was taken on these ideas; and at the end of February or the beginning of March 1523, the Duke of Bourbon was for the last time at the court of Francis, and parted from him with a mind still more affronted than before by his peremptory observations.† He left Paris for his country seat, and on the 12th of May opened a direct communication with England, by sending to Wolsey on that day his counsellor and chamberlain, to explain what he was meditating and intended to perform. The intimation to Henry of the duke's projected rebellion, roused the king and his cabinet to the hope and resolution of converting it to the same end which Henry V. had pursued on his confederation with the Duke of Burgundy; the transfer of the crown of France to the English sovereign. So early and so hastily was this scheme formed in the councils at Westminster, that in the middle of May a commission was issued to our ambassadors in Spain, to make a treaty with Bourbon, that he should acknowledge Henry for the true king of France, faithfully serve and obey him as such, and therefore take the oath of homage and fealty to him in that capacity, as his superior lord.¶

We have noticed the principal features which sprang from this league. Francis, while planning to send the pretender, Pole, Duke of Suffolk, into Scotland, whence he should invade England and dethrone Henry, was himself in more imminent danger of being hurled from his throne. Mr. Turner speaks highly of the magnanimity of the French king, and the hypocrisy and falsehood of his adversaries, Henry,

Wolsey, and Bourbon. After the first disasters—

"Again the flattering scheme was renewed, that Henry should be made king of France, and that Bourbon should take the oath of fealty to him. It was in May 1524 that the new plan to conquer Francis and his kingdom was settled. The duke was to cross the Alps with a competent army; as this advanced, Henry was to land another in Picardy, and Margaret was to send an auxiliary one from Flanders. The emperor and England were each to supply the French prince with one hundred thousand crowns, and a further sum when his invasion was effected. But Wolsey apprised Pace, the ambassador he sent to accompany Bourbon, that his sovereign would not pass into France until the duke's progress was such, that a sure and evident opportunity offered of recovering the French crown."

Wolsey, however, "complied zealously with the king's wishes to obtain from Bourbon an oath of homage and submission to him as king of France before he began his expedition. An authority was signed for Pace to take this oath from him; and the cardinal reminded the ambassador that Henry was not bound to advance 'one penny' till this was done."

Bourbon, on his side, was "urgent that Henry should invade France immediately. He publicly declared to the ambassador, 'that if the king would personally, without delay, enter into France, he will give his grace leave to pluck out both his eyes, if he be not lord of Paris before Allhallow tide; and Paris taken, all the realm of France is his.' No words could be more emphatic, but they were repeated to a prime-minister's ear that was determined to be deaf, yet whose secret meaning was read by men like himself."

"Bourbon urged the English ambassador to press again this essential measure. Pace faithfully reported his representations, assured Wolsey of the coinciding feelings of all the army, and expressed strongly his own assimilating sentiments. He even poured out his own feelings so freely as to write, 'Sir! to speak to you boldly, if ye do not regard the premises, I will impute to your grace the loss of the crown of France;' a sentence that stung too deeply to be forgotten or forgiven. Wolsey immediately returned a rebuke for its impeaching implication, and afterwards persecuted Pace till he became a beggar and a lunatic.‡ While these urgent solicitations for an effectual co-operation were made to the cardinal, he as strenuously instructed the ambassador to obtain from the duke his oaths of homage and fealty to Henry, intimating that it would be the condition of an English invasion, probably from the belief or hope that Bourbon would not give it at the outset of his expedition; for a direction is expressed to Pace what he should do in case it should be refused. Pace applied to the duke in obedience to these orders, who, with some uneasiness, referred him to the imperial minister de

* "On 12th January, 1520, Wingfield conveyed this important information to Wolsey.—'I am informed that the king hath promised that, at this candlemas, he will furnish the White Rose of 12,000 footmen, paid at his charge; and I am well informed that the said duke of Suffolk holdeth himself fully assured of the same. Their purpose is to have 8,000 Almayne, which shall pass by the frontier, and 4,000 of the lower country.'—*MS. Galba, B. 3. p. 3.*"

† "Dr. Knight, the new ambassador in Flanders, on 18th April, 1523, acquainted the cardinal that they had 'taken up on the frontiers of Valenciennes an Englishman, being espie for Richard de la Pole, which espie purposed toward England.' He was tortured to a confession, which was sent.—*MS. Galba, B. 3. p. 28.*"

§ "The earliest intimation which I have found of the duke's communications with Charles is in the extracts from the letters of Sir Thomas Boleyn, in *Harl. MS. No. 286*, dated from Spain 14th January and 6th February. He mentions his conferences with the grand master of the emperor on the affair, who wished it to be deferred till Lady-day.—*p. 140.*"

† "On 6th March, 1523, Boleyn transmitted to Wolsey the following account, so interesting from the ulterior results, as he had it from Charles. 'The emperor shewed us that the duke came to Paris, and coming to the court at the time of dinner, the queen (Claude) commanded him to sit at her board, for the king and she dined apart that day. The king hearing of his being there, the more shortly ended his dinner, and came to the queen's chamber. The duke seeing the king, was rising to do his duty. The king commanded him to sit, and not to rise from his dinner, and then saluted him with these words: 'Seigneur! it is shewed us that you be or shall be married. Is it truth?' The duke said, it was not so. The king said that he knew it was so; moreover saying, that he would remember it; and that he knew his traffic with the emperor: oftentimes repeating that he would remember it. The duke answered, 'Sir! then you menace and threaten me. I have deserved no such cause;' and so departed. After dinner the duke went to his lodging, and all the noblemen of the court with him. The next day he departed from the court to the country. He (Boleyn) said, if the king spoke so much, it was marvell that he suffered the duke to depart. The emperor said, that he durst not otherwise do, all the great personages so favoured him.'—*Harl. MS. No. 286. p. 134.*"

‡ "He wrote these words in his despatch of 5th July, from St. Laurens.—*MS. ib. p. 127.*"

§ "Wolsey had expressed himself so offended by these words, that Pace, on 26th August, attempted to abate their effect by assuring him, 'the same was by me more merrily spoken than so seriously as your grace doth take it.'—*MS. ib. p. 179.* In his letter of 31st August, Wolsey thus sneers at Pace for his urging the English invasion: 'For the helping wherof ye desire me to by my cardinal's hat, crowns, maces, and myself in pledge at this time.'—*Harl. MS. No. 283. p. 48.*"

¶ "Our older writers have mentioned and regretted this result to poor Pace, but did not know that there existed this ranking cause in Wolsey's mind for his vindictive hostility."

Beaurain. This gentleman at once avowed two causes of hesitation; a suspicion that Wolsey was carrying on a secret correspondence with France, and a certainty that it would offend the pope. Bourbon at last assented to it, if it was awhile delayed, and privately given; and intimated, that if known, it might cause many of his friends in France to forsake him, as they desired him 'to take the crown of France to himself.' Nine days afterwards, the duke, with the approbation of the emperor, professed his willingness to make the oath desired; but objected to the homage, as inconsistent with his own free and sovereign tenure of the duchy that was to be retained by himself. Pace pressed him not to withhold this; but as Bourbon was firm on this point, it was given up, and the duke took the oath required in the presence of the viceroys and Beaurain.* The ambassador stated this important fact to his government, with his strongest assurances of the duke's probity and sincerity, and with a belief that he had no intention to seek the French crown for himself. He advised that Henry should at least go personally to Calais, as the rumour of his being there, although without an army, would 'put the enemy in great fear, and the duke of Bourbon in high comfort.' Pace was so earnest in the cause, that as it was possible from the accidents of war, he might not, he said, see his sovereign again, he communicated to Henry himself the preceding incident, and his own sentiments. He assured him, that the peace and truce which the pope was seeking 'was full of craft and subtlety, and only meant to dissolve the union between England and the emperor, and to keep the king of France in his realm.' He mentioned the efforts still made by Francis to conciliate Bourbon, and declared the pope to be one of the chief agents that, in counteraction to Henry and the emperor, were striving to produce this result."

With this very curious and important statement, supported by references which would occupy too much of our room, but which are amply given at the bottom of Mr. Turner's pages, we must (for this week at least) consign his work to the station which awaits it in every library of any worth in the kingdom whose history it so materially improves.

The Stanley Tales, Original and Select; &c. &c. 18mo. Vol. II. Part II; and Vol. III. Part I. London, 1826. W. Morgan.

THESE half-crown affairs are agreeably enough made up of various tales, chiefly selected; comic and pathetic, something after the manner of the Percy Anecdotes and Histories. Each part has six or eight little narratives; and though necessarily of unequal merit, and some of them not peculiarly recommended by their excellence, the whole together form a very pleasant miscellany. The following, which we offer as a specimen, is new to us, and certainly affords a curious idea of continental illumination.

"*An Austrian Assassin.*—It was reserved for this age to produce advocates for assassination ready to pronounce it one of the noblest and boldest resources of great minds only, swayed by the strongest passions; forgetting how generally the most vile passions are the strongest, and how easily this resource is within

the reach of the least elevated mind. Let us see one example of the thousand which might be found to convince us with what uncertainty we judge of those motives by which sophists would pretend to determine the guilt of an assassin. The wavering ambition, the enthusiasm, and the fanciful sensibility of the emperor Joseph II. are not forgotten; and the favourites of his councils were often men whose recommendation was a tincture of similar peculiarities. There was one person, to whom, if German etiquette had been flexible, he would have given public entrance to his cabinet; but rigid prejudices and custom compelled him to be content with private patronage. Whence this man came is very doubtful, though some remarkable instances of courage and fidelity which he had shewn during Joseph's quarrel with his Belgian subjects, were supposed to have been his first passports to favour. If he was a native of Flanders, the acuteness of his eye, his sharp lean features, and slender person, were no evidences of his birth-place, and his accent was observed to have something Italian in it. Joseph meditated bold and singular changes in German jurisprudence, and was supposed to carry on a private correspondence with those literary men, who, if they did not absolutely change the tide of public opinion, availed themselves of it to rise on the surface. Otto, though he only acted as the emperor's page ostensibly, held some secret share in this correspondence, and was believed to have a watch-word by which he passed the sentinels of the palace in his secret visits. Nor did he always go alone. He was watched, and a spy appointed by the chancellor of the chamber of Wetzlar traced him to a spot which instigated all his employer's curiosity. The chancellor was noted for his strict adherence to old principles, and his resistance to the new code of laws by which Joseph hoped to substitute long imprisonment for death as the punishment of capital crimes. He was not ill pleased to detect in his sovereign some error which might render his legislation unpopular, by disgracing the source. He wrapped himself in his darkest apparel, and creeping under the shadow of a high wall, followed a man he believed to be Otto, and another person, from the private gate of the palace to the meanest suburb of Vienna. They ascended the remains of a terrace, knocked at a door hidden by shrubs, and were admitted by an unseen porter without light or words. But the chancellor remarked, that these muffled persons had taken a loose stone from a niche beside the door, and spread some branches of the brambles over the vacant spot. He had courage and sagacity. He pushed his hand through this aperture, drew back a bolt, and saw the door open. Beyond his hopes, all within was perfectly dark and silent. Covering his person and half his face, he trod with suppressed breath, conscious that an echoing pavement was under his feet, till the light which he saw gleaming through a crevice before him, guided his steps to what seemed a staircase, so narrow that it scarcely admitted him. But he followed its windings, till he found himself in a balcony surrounded with the open tracery of ancient carved work, and suspended over a lighted room large enough to contain twenty people. A man in a coarse gray cloak stood on a kind of rostrum, addressing six persons in a Latin oration, which strangely perplexed the curious chancellor. It seemed as if he was persuading his disciples to choose what element they would wish to predominate in their natures, and to excite it by an outward application. There were glasses filled with earth and water, brasiers

with hot coals, and small bags of earth and blades full of gas, which the professor gravely fastened on his pupils, protesting that they would be substitutes for meat and drink. Our chancellor knew all the whims of Rosicrucian cabalists; he had heard some of the pretensions of more modern illuminati, but had never conceived the possibility of supporting his plump person by such simple means. He listened with profound attention; and after some ceremonies which he could not understand, the orator left his rostrum, drew back a silk curtain, and discovered a sleeping woman veiled. When a few mysterious signals and mutterings had passed, the sleeper spoke, but in such strange, wild, and affecting strains of poetry, as to fix the audience in what appeared delighted attention. When her voice ceased, the cabalist dropped her gauze veil and the silk curtain over her, and resumed his place in the rostrum. 'You have seen,' he said, 'the success of my science. Without any consciousness on her part, I have unlocked and unveiled her spirit, which speaks, as you have heard, in the language of poetry—that is, in the words inspired by such enchanting images as the soul enjoys when detached from the body. Your majesty cannot doubt the truth of the experiment on a maiden of rank too high for imposture, of character too pure to be suspected of willing connivance. Therefore I selected her as a worthy subject for this night's important purpose, and shall convey her back while in this profound sleep to her father's house, from whence, as we all know, she could not have been thus brought without the influence of my natural magic, by which I can either close or open the mind, animate or stupefy the body. The chancellor listened, indeed, as if he too had been deadened by this magic, for he beheld his only daughter thus made the spectacle and tool of a madman or a cheat! While he stood aghast, four of the audience withdrew, and the operator with his two muffled pupils remained together. 'I have now,' he added, 'to shew you the farthest extent of my science. The magnetic powers lodged in a diamond are such as to increase the brilliancy of the gem when it approaches any animal or vegetable frame in which its own peculiar gas prevails.—The ring on your majesty's hand will exemplify this, if laid near the frame of this brasier.' The emperor deposited his ring as he was desired, on the edge of the charcoal-furnace, which the cabalist pushed back into a receptacle probably prepared to confine the pestiferous air. But the chancellor also saw, that, by an ingenious legerdmain, the imperial ring was dropped into the ashes, and a counterfeit jewel placed on the brasier's edge, when the crafty cabalist exposed it again to the emperor. He and his companion praised the increased lustre and size of his diamond; and having heard a few more mysterious descants on the chemical relation of the precious stone to the carbonic vapour, departed with his preceptor. Little as the chancellor cared for the dreams of a sect only suspected to exist, and much as he had always despised the secret vigils of its novices, he was determined to bear away with him some token of his master's credulity and the illumine's craft, which might suffice to give him power over both, and revenge the outrage practised on his child. The hall of this mysterious academy was now vacant, and lighted only by the dying coals in the brasier. He fixed his feet in the fretted cornice of the balcony, and soon reaching the floor, possessed himself of the emperor's ring, climbed again into his hiding-place, and waited

* So Pace reported, 'I thought convenient for the furtherance of the enterprise to take his oath in the presence of two witnesses, the viceroys of Naples and M. Beaurain; and thus I do take his oath in the most ample manner I could get the same, which your grace shall receive here enclosed, and the same shall be made in form authentic.'—*M.S. Fil. B. 6. p. 101.*

a few instants to discover if any one seemed likely to return. The possibility of being locked into this strange house of cabalism, and the uncertain fate of his daughter, made him eager to escape. He crept down the stairs which had led him to his discovery, and more intent on the future than the present, passed too hastily through the postern without remembering the loose stone he had left on the threshold. He stumbled, and had not time to hide his face, before two men started from behind the trees near him. 'Ah, Sire!' said a well-known voice—'the chancellor!'—Joseph deigned no answer, and walked slowly away, followed by his page, till they disappeared among the windings of the suburb. In the morning, the chancellor was found assassinated among those windings. There was a deep, but not sorrowful, sensation excited by his death. He had been the enemy of changes in the austere code of German law; his notions were arbitrary and unphilosophical; his judgments on many public occasions had been offensive to the people. His adversaries ascribed his fate to the powerful impulse of retaliation in some sufferer bold enough to avenge his own cause, and execute summary justice; or to the nobler spirit of general patriotism, seeking to rid the state of an obnoxious member. Both these suppositions were favoured by the new spirit which had begun its reign in morals and politics. The chamber of Wetzlar examined the affair with the slightness of men more ready to propitiate the philosophers of Germany than to provoke their late chancellor's fate themselves. One or two of his friends endeavoured to interest the aulic council in this event, as a matter connected with intrigues of state, but the sovereign's coldness repelled them. Joseph was in a dilemma very painful and dangerous to a prince of romantic feelings and high honour. He believed his page had sacrificed the chancellor to a hasty zeal for his reputation, which must have sunk under the details an angry father and prejudiced politician might have given of the midnight scene. But he dismissed Otto from his court, shewing by his silence that he suspected the crime he felt disposed to pardon yet dared not defend. And many young philosophers, had they known the secret, would have been more apt to pity Otto for serving a timid and ungrateful master, than to blame him for an act which they would have thought sanctified by the motive. The emperor died a few months after, expressing on his death-bed to his few attendants the little reason he had found to trust the friendship, the gratitude, or the honesty of men. Whether any secret remembrance of Otto preyed on him, or whether he felt the suspicion of poison which many of his court afterwards avowed, will never now be ascertained: but it revived the subject of assassination in the public mind, and the advocates of *justice without law* imagined they saw a fit retribution for the unpublished death of the chancellor. One cold February morning, an Austrian traveller, walking hastily from his inn about six o'clock, saw two men standing in a churchyard with a sack at their feet. The dimness of the hour, and the unfrequency of such visitors in such a place, made the traveller fix his eyes on them with an earnestness which probably induced them to separate; and the tallest, taking up the sack, walked hastily down the nearest street. The Austrian followed him at the same pace, till the bearer of the sack threw it down, turned into a dark lane, and vanished. Our traveller had some doubts whether he might safely take the forsaken prize, consider-

ing his own situation as a stranger without witnesses; but the house before which he stood was a noted silversmith's, and he knocked for admission. The master was roused, the traveller's story told, and the sack opened. It contained an immense quantity of shreds or fragments of silver, such as workmen make in completing their business. 'Sir,' said the silversmith, 'these remnants are mine, as certain private marks inform me; and the discovery you have so honestly begun must be completed. Only three men in my employ can be suspected of this robbery. One is entrusted with the solid metal; the second delivers their portions to my artisans, and receives them back after their hours of labour; the third has the collected fragments in his custody. You shall take your station in a window opposite my house, with two officers of justice, and inform them when the man you recognise appears.'—Ignace, the traveller, agreed to this, and was conducted to his place with such feelings as must visit every humane and honest man who encounters such fearful hazard of another's safety. The workmen passed into their employer's house in succession, and Ignace, trembling and faltering, pointed out the youngest. He was the silversmith's favourite nephew, and his tears, when taxed with his offence, moved his uncle to lenity. He required him to name his accomplice, and the boy very unwillingly confessed his acquaintance with an Austrian Jew, whose place of abode was unknown to him. A Jew is easily pronounced a seducer and trafficker in guilt. Both the silversmith and the traveller joined with no loss of time in searching every resort of the proscribed race, and many unfortunate Israelites were rigorously examined; but the boy's tempter was not found, and Ignace returned to his own city to celebrate his adventure.—But there were many in Vienna who knew how exactly the published description of the Austrian Jew agreed with the physiognomy and figure of the juggler who had beguiled the deceased emperor of his ring, and mocked him by an exhibition of his female accomplice, the chancellor's unworthy daughter. The person who paid most attention to this history was one of the members of the judicial chamber of Wetzlar—one of the few who had been unwilling to acquit Otto when charged with the chancellor's assassination. He sent for Ignace, questioned him precisely, and determined to visit Vienna himself as a minister and discoverer of justice. It was not necessary or prudent to travel with his customary equipage. He went on horseback with only one confidential servant, calling himself Lobenstein, and took lodgings in a mean part of the suburbs. Lobenstein began as well as he could to perform the part of a speculating alchemist. He bought old essays, inquired for teachers of the new philosophy, and was recommended to a professor far advanced in the most hidden departments. The student pretended great zeal and faith in animal magnetism, and in that still more mysterious art by which some moderns profess to entrance and convey the soul. He heard all the jargon of sympathies and spiritual communication, always manifesting perfect faith, and urging his teacher to exhibit some specimens. Several pieces of gold, and promises of more, induced the cabalist to promise him a full initiation into his Eleusinian mysteries. Lobenstein went at midnight to his house, which had a secret entrance, and many winding staircases of frequent use. The novice was ushered into a hall where five or six other students were assembled; and

their oracle, mounting his rostrum, gave them his favourite discourse on the mysteries of nature, frightfully mingled with the fervid romances of Swedenborg, and the audacious schemes of modern chemistry. To finish its effect, a silk curtain and a veil of silver tissue were raised to discover what had once been a form of perfect beauty, and was not yet quite faded. The magnetizing ceremony was performed, and the actress delivered a long rhapsody of prophetic and poetical phrases, with her eyes fixed and her limbs composed in admirable counterfeits of sleep. Lobenstein took care to be the last who left the room of lectures, leaning on his preceptor's arm. As they passed out of the private postern, a man ruffled in a long cloak met and fixed his eyes upon them. 'Ah! the chancellor!' said the cabalist, and instantly retreated behind the door; but the officers of justice were prepared to rush upon him. They burst into the house, searched all its recesses, and even uprooted its pavements, but the magician and his accomplice were gone. No probable place in the city escaped their inquiry; and after a fruitless disturbance, the magistrates and their agents seemed exhausted. But Lobenstein's stratagem had succeeded. By placing near the suspected door a police officer properly attired, and with a strong personal resemblance to the deceased chancellor, he had surprised the cabalist into an exclamation which betrayed his knowledge of that unfortunate man. The officer thus singularly disguised by likeness to the chancellor, had also a similar kind of shrewdness and penetration. He applied himself diligently to discover other avenues into this mysterious house, and came at length to inform Lobenstein that he had discovered one at a spot never suspected. 'You must go,' said he, 'on horseback, but not on the horse you usually ride, nor in the same dress, along the road which leads to the summer-palace. You will meet, near the large cluster of larches, a lady sitting on the bank and reading. It will not be possible for you to see her till the narrowness of the road has brought your horse's feet close to her's, because she will be very adroitly concealed by a curve and a few shrubs on the bank. She will be terribly alarmed, and either bruised by the horse's tread, or hurt in attempting to rise out of its way. You must go with her if she seems to expect it, and whatever you see or hear in the house she will carry you to, act as if you apprehended nothing, and above all, as if you expected no one to join you there.' Lobenstein hardly knew whether to acquiesce in this expedient, or to doubt his informer's fidelity. However, his curiosity and courage prevailed, and he set forth on his knight errantry to discover and arrest his friend's assassin. All happened as the police officer predicted. A woman of very graceful appearance waylaid him, as if accidentally; and he, assuming airs of credulous and romantic gallantry, attended her to her home. But he was sufficiently well versed in the geography of Vienna, to know that he had returned by a circuitous road to the suburb in which the necromancer's unholy house was lodged. He was surprised at the elegant simplicity of the supper-room, at the dignified manners of its mistress, and the propriety of all he saw. After detaining him half an hour by agreeable expressions of gratitude and hospitality, she introduced him to Count M——, her husband, as a partaker in the obligation his courteous attentions had created. At this name, which he had often heard in fashionable and political circles, Lobenstein looked at the wearer with surprise. His inquisitive glance was no less earnestly returned,

but the salutation which followed was perfectly unconstrained and polite. Supper was superbly served, and another hour or two passed in literary conversation. Madame would not permit her guest to depart, and her husband seconded her offer of an abode for the night, with a grace which their disguised visitor would have been almost unable to refuse, even if his secret purpose had not required his stay. But when he closed the door of the bed-chamber assigned him, though its hangings were of dove-coloured satin, and its carpet of flowered velvet, some terrible thoughts of robbery and assassination seized him, and were not dispersed by the entrance, not of his friend, the friendly police-officer, but of the count himself. The judge of the chamber of Wetzlar heartily wished his zeal for justice had been less rash, and started up in his bed with ghastly eyes, but a desperate intention. 'My good lord,' said the count, smiling, 'let us understand each other. I am quite aware of your honourable eagerness to unravel certain mysteries, which are known to none better than myself. You know my station in the Imperial Court—I have never been ignorant of yours, and I require no oath in addition to that which binds you as a member of a high judicial court, to fidelity in all things that concern the state. Expecting some adventure, I perceive you are still dressed in readiness. Follow me—and forgive me for concurring with your faithful police officer and a lady's maid a little romantic incident to bring you to my house, without the formal invitation which your assumed name made impossible for me to hazard.' The judge, strangely affected and surprised, could only follow his guide in silence. The count conducted him through a saloon furnished with rich sofas, paintings full of Guido and Titian's softest representations of beauty, and exquisite statues almost breathing in their loveliness, to a library or room of simpler and sterner character, filled entirely with columns of books. The count led his companion round, and pointed to their titles, which announced every author of political or philosophical romance from the days of Machiavelli to those of Spinoza, Voltaire, and Hobbes. The next door opened into a most sumptuous banquetting room, lighted as if for a feast of princes; and a few steps beyond, the count unlocked the door of what seemed a small boudoir, in which were several open caskets filled with ladies' trinkets, and two or three sets of gold and silver dressing plate, elegantly packed as if ready for gifts. A long covered passage led the astonished judge into a hall which he remembered to be the place of the midnight lectures given by the cabalist. And the count completed his amazement by taking up the garment of the lecturer, which lay in a corner, and throwing it over himself. He stood silent, unable to express his confusion of ideas, and the count laughed heartily. 'My loyal and learned friend, you have seen the whole secret, of that tremendous cabalism which is now an engine of state affairs. Did you expect to find this place really contrived for the invention of *aurum potable* or *silver vita*?—No, my dear lord:—those who enter it imagine that they shall be initiated into some powerful and unknown society, but the only secret power is that which their curiosity or vanity supplies. For vapourish Englishmen, who must have bugbears, we have the wonders of the Gnostics, and the dreams of their own Lilly and Dr. Dee clothed in modern jargon. For Frenchmen, whose theatrical existence is governed by spectacles, who know no greater men than Vestris and Voltaire, we keep that library of useless

books, into which we usher them with great mystery, as into the temple of the illuminati; and, by studying their ambition, discover their secrets. You expected, perhaps, to see iron wheels, phosphoric flames, and all the phantasmagoria of imposture; but we conjure up no demons except those that follow the surfeit of our suppers, and need no surer machinery than those trinkets which you saw prepared as bribes for the vain women who imagine themselves initiated among a secret sect of omnipotent philosophers. My lord, it was no reproach to the chamber of Wetzlar that they misjudged the fate of their chancellor. How much eloquence was wasted to prove that he provoked his death, and that the assassin rather deserved fame than punishment! How little could those young philosophers, who believe all actions justified by their motive, judge either of the motive or the fact!—The chancellor was not murdered, nor did any one compass his death. He fell dead in apoplexy at the house of a friend to whom he went to communicate the scene in the alchemist's academy; and that friend, secretly purposing to ruin the emperor's favourite Otto, placed the body with a sash twisted round the neck in such a place as to fix suspicion on him. The Austrian Jew who amused the emperor by his pretended alchemy, fell into the hands of our police by offering himself to me as the agent of a society, devised only to detect such impostors by seeming their confederates. If ancient sages had, as it is pretended, the pyramids of Egypt to conceal their secret chambers, we politicians have the still broader pyramid of human folly to conceal ours."

The History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the Time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand VII. Abridged and Translated from the Original Works of D. J. A. Llorente, formerly Secretary to the Inquisition, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 583. London, 1826. Whittaker.

THE voluminous works of Llorente have, it is well known, produced a very general and potent sensation throughout Europe; and we are glad to see so able a condensation of them as the present into the English language. It is happily true, that for ourselves we have nothing to dread from the unholy power of holy inquisitors; and, except a shudder for the sufferings of human nature elsewhere, nothing to shake us in scanning the history of their tortures, murders, and massacres. But it is well, even for us, the freeborn and free subjects of Great Britain, enjoying equal rights and living under equal laws, protected in our persons and opinions from all despotic authority; it is well even for us to trace the establishment of this odious Institution, and observe how, from an inquisition over the minds, the easy transit is made to an inquisition over the bodies of men; how appalling the dominion which may be usurped by grasping ambition, and how bloody the atrocities which may be committed by human beings, once tasting blood, upon their fellow-creatures; and how ruthlessly and daringly mortals may be taught to combine into one infernal system all that is corporeally horrible and spiritually impious. It is indeed impossible for a Briton to read one page of the annals of this secret, cruel, and merciless tribunal, without feeling his blood boil at its enormities, and his soul revolt at the means by which they were perpetrated. We care not what allowances are demanded from us for the exaggerations of enemies, the faithlessness of officers or servants who have de-

serted the cause or fled from their posts; we will grant ten times more than all the advocates or apologists for the Inquisition have ever asked,—and after that we will say, that were the earth surrendered to the sway of the dark fiend himself, he could not degrade, brutalise, and desolate mankind, nor glut his appetite for guilt, misery, and despair, by any surer measure than by establishing the Inquisition.

So far back as our No. 17, we directed notice to Mr. Llorente's original *History*; and have frequently since had occasion to refer to it in the *Literary Gazette*, which could hardly occupy itself with the literature of the age during the last ten years, without being brought into collision with an author who has provoked so much controversy. From these notices our opinion of his character may be formed. He had the best of opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the subject on which he has written: he has exposed the abominable system vigorously and unreservedly, as those who apostatise generally do; he has produced details and documents of astounding and monstrous horror; and though he has himself been vilified, his statements have not been overturned. His account, therefore, of the mysterious body which has for three centuries maintained so prodigious an influence over the destinies not only of Spain, but of other nations, is well entitled to the earnest attention of the world.

"Being," he tells us, "the secretary of the Inquisition at Madrid during the years 1789, 1790, and 1791, I have the firmest confidence in my being able to give to the world a true code of the secret laws by which the interior of the Inquisition was governed, of those laws which were veiled by mystery from all mankind, excepting those men to whom the knowledge of their political import was exclusively reserved. A firm conviction, from knowing the deep objects of this tribunal, that it was vicious in principle, in its constitution, and in its laws, notwithstanding all that has been said in its support, induced me to avail myself of the advantage my situation afforded me, and to collect every document I could procure relative to its history. My perseverance has been crowned with success far beyond my hopes; for, in addition to an abundance of materials, obtained with labour and expense, consisting of unpublished manuscripts and papers mentioned in the inventories of deceased inquisitors, and other officers of the institution, in 1809, 1810, and 1811, when the Inquisition in Spain was suppressed, all the archives were placed at my disposal; and from 1809 to 1812, I collected every thing that appeared to me to be of consequence in the registers of the council of the Inquisition, and in the provincial tribunals, for the purpose of compiling this history."

"I have added (he continues) the suits instituted by the holy office against many saints, and other personages held in reverence by the church of Spain, and also of many literati persecuted by this tribunal. These, for the sake of perspicuity, I have divided into two classes; the first class comprises those learned theologians who were accused of Lutheranism, for having, in their zeal, corrected the text of Bibles already published, or Latin translations from the Greek and Hebrew editions. The second class consists of those learned men designated by the holy office under the title of False Philosophers, and who were persecuted for having manifested a wish to destroy in Spain superstition and fanaticism. This history will make known numberless attempts perpetrated by the inquisitors against magistrates who defended the rights of sovereign

authority, in opposition to the enterprises of the holy office and the court of Rome; and which enables me to state the trials of many celebrated men and ministers who defended the prerogatives of the crown, and whose only crimes were, having published works on the right of the crown, according with the true principles of jurisprudence."

"The horrid conduct of this holy office weakened the power and diminished the population of Spain, by arresting the progress of arts, sciences, industry, and commerce, and by compelling multitudes of families to abandon the kingdom; by instigating the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors; and by immolating on its flaming shambles more than three hundred thousand victims!! So replete with duplicity was the system of the inquisitors-general and the council of this holy office, that if a papal bull was likely to circumscribe their power, or check their vengeance, they refused to obey, on the pretext of its being opposed to the laws of the kingdom and the orders of the Spanish government. By a similar proceeding they evaded the ordinances of the king, by alleging that papal bulls prevented them from obeying, under pain of excommunication. Secrecy, the foe of truth and justice, was the soul of the tribunal of the Inquisition; it gave to it new life and vigour, sustained and strengthened its arbitrary power, and so emboldened it, that it had the hardihood to arrest the highest and noblest in the land, and enabled it to deceive (by concealing facts) popes, kings, viceroys, and all invested with authority by their sovereign. This holy office, veiled by secrecy, unobtrusively kept back, falsified, concealed, or forged, the reports of trials, when compelled to open their archives to popes or kings. The inquisitors constantly succeeded, by this detestable knavery, in concealing the truth, and facilitated their object by being careful not to number the reports."

From this general view, we may descend to the particulars which justify it.

"The following fact shews that the inquisitors of our own days do not fall below the standard of those who followed the fanatic Torquemada. **** was present when the Inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the orders of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was: some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the nature of the crime of which he was accused. One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be death by the *pendulum*. The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows:—The condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer: at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the holy office in its mercy ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy, or insuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the secret tribunal A.D. 1820!!!"

What mercy was to be expected for the accused, when we learn that the pope and the bishops disputed as to who was to bear the expenses of the Inquisition; and that these

expenses were ever afterwards "defrayed by the fines and confiscations of the condemned heretics: these resources were the only funds of the holy office; it never possessed any fixed revenue."

Without following the historical narrative, and staining our pages with a mass of sanguinary injustice and inhuman butcheries, we shall simply, by way of example, quote a few passages most easily to be insulated from the general relation.

"I am of opinion that the first Spaniards who followed the doctrines of Luther were Franciscan monks; for Clement VII., in 1526, authorised the general and provincials of the order of Minor Friars of St. Francis d'Assiz, to absolve those of the community who had fallen into that heresy, after they had taken an oath to renounce it for ever. Several monks of the same order had already represented to the pope, that by the privileges granted to them in the bull *mare magnum*, and confirmed by other decrees of the holy see, no stranger had a right to interfere in their affairs, and that they did not recognise any judge but the judge of their institution, even in cases of apostasy and heresy. Manriquez, embarrassed in his ministry by the pretensions of the Franciscans, wrote to the pope, who expedited, in 1525, a brief, by which the inquisitor-general was empowered to take cognisance of these affairs, assisted by a monk, named by the prelate of the order; and that, in cases of appeal from judgment, the pope should be applied to: but these appeals were afterwards ordered to be made before the inquisitor-general."

An *auto-da-fé* against the Lutherans was celebrated at Valladolid in 1559.

"Some details of the principal persons may be found interesting. Donna Eleonora de Vibero (the wife of Pedro Cazalla, who held an office in the Treasury), daughter of Juan de Vibero, who had a similar employment, and Constance Ortiz, was proprietress of a chapel in the Benedictine convent of Valladolid. She had been interred without any doubt of her orthodoxy; but she was accused of Lutheranism by the fiscal of the Inquisition, though he said she had concealed her opinions, by receiving the sacraments and the eucharist at her death. He supported his accusation by the testimony of several witnesses who had been tortured or threatened, the result of which was, that the house of Eleonora de Vibero had been used as a temple by the Lutherans. Her memory and her posterity were condemned to infamy, her property confiscated, her body disinterred and burnt with her effigy, and her house razed to the ground and prohibited from being rebuilt: a monument with an inscription relating to this event was placed on the spot. I have seen the column and the inscription; I have heard that it was destroyed in 1809. The other principal persons who perished in this *auto-da-fé* were, Doctor Augustin Cazalla, priest and canon of Salamanca, almoner and

* The following is a piece of lexicographical information. "Among the punishments to which heretics were condemned, must be enumerated that of wearing the habit of a penitent, known in Spain under the name of *San Benito*, which is a corruption of *sanco benito*. Its real name in Spanish was *Zamarra*. The first became the common name, because the penitential habit was called *san* in the Jewish history. Before the thirteenth century it was the custom to bless the *pac* which was worn in a public penance; and hence it derived the epithet of *benito* (blessed). It was a close tunic, made like the cassock of a priest, with crosses of a different colour affixed to the breast. St. Dominic, and the other inquisitors, caused the *reconciled heretics* to wear these crosses, as a protection against the catholics, who massacred all known heretics, although they might be unarmed. The *reconciled heretics* wore two crosses, to distinguish them from pure catholics, who only wore one as *crusaders*."

preacher to the king and emperor: he was the son of Pedro Cazalla and Eleonora de Vibero, and descended from the Jews both by his father and mother. He was accused of professing the Lutheran heresy, of having dogmatised in the Lutheran conventicle of Valladolid, and corresponded with the heretics of Seville. Cazalla denied the facts imputed to him in several declarations on oath, and in others which he presented when the *publication of the proofs* took place. The torture was decreed: Cazalla, on the 4th of March, was conducted to the dungeon where it was to be inflicted; but it did not take place, as the prisoner promised to make a confession. He gave it in writing, and ratified it on the 16th, acknowledging that he was a Lutheran, but denied having taught the doctrine. He explained the motives which had prevented him from making this declaration before, and promised to be a good catholic for the future if reconciliation was granted him: but the inquisitors did not think proper to spare him the capital punishment, as the witnesses affirmed that he had dogmatised. Cazalla, however, continued to give every possible proof of conversion until his execution: when he saw that death was inevitable, he began to preach to his companions in misfortune. Two days before his death he related some particulars of his life. He was born in 1510: at the age of seventeen he had Bartholomew Carranza de Miranda for his confessor, in the college of St. Gregory at Valladolid; he continued his studies at Meala de Henares, where he remained till 1536. In 1545 Charles V. made him his preacher: in the following year he accompanied that prince to Germany, and stayed there till 1552, preaching against the Lutherans; he returned in that year to Spain, and retired to Salamanca, where he lived for three years, going sometimes to Valladolid. He once attended, by the emperor's order, at an assembly where Don Antonio Fonseca, president of the royal council of Castile, presided, and at which the Licentiate Ojalora, the Drs. Ribera and Velasco, auditors of the council and chancery, and brothers Alphonso de Castro and Bartholomew Carranza, assisted. The object of the meeting was to decide on the course to be pursued on the occasion of certain briefs which the Court of Rome had expedited against those who approved of the decrees of the Council of Trent, which continued to assemble in that city, though the Pope had commanded that it should be transferred to Bologna. Cazalla declared that all the members of the junta acknowledged that the Pope only acted from motives of personal interest; and that Bartholomew Carranza particularly distinguished himself by inveighing against the abuses of the Court of Rome. On the 20th of May, the day before his death, he received a visit from brother Antonio de la Carrera, a monk of St. Jerome, who was sent to him by the inquisitors, to inform him that they were not satisfied with his declarations, and to exhort him, for the good of his conscience, to confess all that he knew of himself and others. Cazalla answered, that he could not say more without bearing false-witness. The monk replied, that he had always denied that he had dogmatised, though the contrary was proved by the witnesses. He said, that this crime had been unjustly imputed to him; that he was guilty of not having undeceived those who held bad doctrines, but that he had only spoken of his opinions to persons who thought as he did. Brother Antonio then exhorted him to prepare for death on the following day. This information was a thunderbolt to Cazalla, who

had expected to be admitted to a reconciliation. He demanded if his punishment might not be commuted. Carrera told him, that if he confessed what he had hitherto concealed, he might hope for mercy. 'Well then,' said Cazalla, 'I must prepare to die in the grace of God; for it is impossible that I should add any thing to what I have already said, unless I lie.' He then began to encourage himself to suffer death: he confessed several times in the same night and the next day to Antonio de la Carrera. When he arrived at the place of the *auto-da-fé*, he asked permission to preach to those who were to suffer with him: he could not obtain it, but he addressed a few words to them: as he was a penitent, he was strangled before he was burnt. When he was fastened to the stake, he confessed for the last time; and his confessor was so affected by all that he had seen and heard during the last twenty-four hours, that he afterwards wrote, 'that he had no doubt that Doctor Cazalla was in heaven.' Francis de Vibero Cazalla, brother to Augustin, a priest, and curate of Hornigos in the diocese of Palencia, at first denied the charges, confessed them when tortured, ratified his confession, and demanded to be admitted to reconciliation. This was refused, as it was supposed that he had only confessed from the fear of death. In fact, he ridiculed his brother's exhortations on the scaffold, and expired in the flames without shewing any signs of repentance. He was degraded from the priesthood, as well as his brother, before he ascended the scaffold. Donna Beatrice de Cazalla, sister to the above-mentioned persons, and Alphonso Perez, at first denied the charges, confessed during the torture, demanded reconciliation, but were strangled and burnt. Don Christobal de Ocampo, of Seville, a knight of the order of St. John, and almoner to the Grand Prior of Castile and Leon, and Don Christobal de Padilla, a knight and inhabitant of Zamora, were condemned to the same punishment for Lutheranism. The licentiate Antonio Herrezuelo, a lawyer of the city of Toro, condemned as a Lutheran, died without any signs of repentance. Doctor Cazalla addressed some words to him in particular: Antonio ridiculed his discourse, although he was already fastened to the stake. One of the archers, furious at so much courage, plunged his lance into the body of Herrezuelo: he died without uttering a word. Juan Garcia, a goldsmith of Valladolid, and the licentiate Perez de Herrera, judge of the court against smugglers, in Logrono, suffered as Lutherans. Gonzalez Baez, the Portuguese mentioned in the preceding chapter, suffered as a Judaic heretic. Donna Catherine de Ortega, widow of the commander Loaisa, and daughter to Hernand Diaz, fiscal of the royal council of Castile, was condemned as a Lutheran, and made her confession. She suffered the same fate with Catherine Roman de Pedrosa, Isabella d'Estrada, and Jane Blazquez, a servant of the Marchioness d'Alcanizes. None of these persons had dogmatized, none had relapsed; but they were condemned because they only confessed during the torture.

The accession of Philip IV. was another joyous occasion, and celebrated with like rejoicings.

A grand general *auto-da-fé* was held at Madrid, at which the king and all the royal family attended. Seven persons were burnt, with four effigies, and forty-two reconciled: they were almost all Portuguese, or of Portuguese parents. The following circumstance has rendered this *auto-da-fé* very famous. Michel Rodriguez and Isabella Martinez Al-

barez his wife, were the proprietors of a house used by the condemned as a synagogue. They were accused of having struck the image of Jesus Christ with a whip, and of having crucified and insulted it in various ways, as if to revenge themselves upon it for all the evils which the Christians made them suffer. The holy office caused this house to be razed to the ground, and an inscription was placed on the spot. A monastery for the Capuchins was afterwards built on the site, and named the Convent of Patience, in allusion to the outrages which our Saviour allowed them to commit on his image: a report was then spread, that the image spoke to the Jews three times, and that they did not hesitate to burn it. Solemn masses were performed at Madrid and other cities in the kingdom, to expiate the sacrilege which had been committed. On the 22d of June, 1636, another general *auto-da-fé* was held at Valladolid, composed of twenty-eight persons. The punishment inflicted on the Jews seems entirely novel: one hand was nailed to a wooden cross, and in that state they were obliged to hear read the report of their trial, and the sentence which condemned them to perpetual imprisonment for having insulted our Saviour and the Virgin by their blasphemies. A *beata* also appeared in this *auto-da-fé*: she was known by the name of *Lorenza*; her crimes were the same as those of the other women of her class; she pretended that she had seen apparitions of the devil, Jesus Christ, and the Virgin Mary, and an infinity of revelations; but she was, in fact, nothing but a libertine woman."

At the end there is a list of the Inquisitors, from the beginning to (we wish we could say the end, but it is only) the last of the dynasty, and a statement of the numbers each condemned in his time, in the old world, exclusive of the new. Such a one burnt 2000, and such another only 200: but the sum total is that forty-four Inquisitor-generals

Burnt—31,912 of their fellow-creatures—besides 17,659 effigies, and 291,450 severe penances. It is but fair to observe, that for the last fifty years burnings have not been perpetrated; but still the mysterious power and intriguing spirit of the Inquisition render it a hateful anomaly in the sight of enlightened man.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Few Comments on the false and malicious Calumnies upon the Character of Louis XVIII. By an English Orphan. Pp. 16. London: printed by W. Glindon.

WE do not approve of writers favouring us with critiques upon their own publications: they may be partial to their works, and it looks, besides, as if they doubted our ability—a grievous offence. Overlooking it, however, in a grateful "English Orphan," under obligations to the late King of France, we will say that she expresses her feelings in a very becoming manner, and contends, on high *prima facie* evidence, (what every body was inclined to believe,) that the *Explication de l'Enigme de la Revolution Européenne* contained a multitude of exaggerated, mistaken, and vindictive statements; and that his late majesty was not the monster which the author of that strange volume asserts him to have been. To prove that Louis was no coward, the following anecdote is related:—At *Mitau*, "Louis XVIII. was standing at the window of an inn, when a pistol was fired at him, the ball from which touched his temple so nearly as to graze one of his curls. One of the gentlemen in attendance, alarmed

and agitated by the occurrence, hastily exclaimed, '*Ah sire! une ligne de plus,*' when the king interrupted him by replying, with the utmost sang froid, '*Eh bien, mon ami, une ligne de plus et le roi de France s'appellerait Charles dix.*'"

Mæcenatiana; sive de C. Clivii Mæcenatis Viti et Moribus scriptis, atque Operum Fragmenta collegit, Albertus Lion. Göttingæ, 1824. 8vo. pp. 51.

THE life and writings of Mæcenas have been little noticed in this country, except in Schomberg's Memoir, published in 1766. The small tract before us, gives, in a brief compass, every relic that relates to the great Augustan Patron, and discusses, successively, the subjects of his birth and death, his habits, wealth, palaces, gardens, writings, &c. The latter give us but a mean notion of his poetical talents, consisting merely of a few insignificant fragments collected from occasional references in Seneca, Pliny the Elder, Priscian, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, Quintilian, and Suidas. But in the preceding pages much curious information is elicited from the writings of Horace, Martial, and other contemporaries; and we should be happy if some elegant scholar would pursue the same plan towards furnishing us with a history of Horace himself, which, without more matter than Lion has squeezed into a pamphlet, an English book-maker would dilate into several comely volumes,—a fit companion to Middleton's biography of Cicero.

Défense de l'Ordre Social, &c. Defence of Social Order, attacked in its Foundations in the Name of the Liberalism of the Nineteenth Century, by M. de Montlosier, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1826.

M. DE MADROLLE, the author of this volume, seems to be as mad as his name, and as pompous as he is mad. The works of M. de Montlosier have excited his bile, and he denounces them to the king, the chamber, and the courts. Listen to him:—

"Thanks to the wisdom of a generous man" (who is he?) literature appears returning to its primitive destination. "A work useful to morals is now sometimes asked for. We are going to execute such a work; no others ought ever to be executed, or asked for. The evil is immense. We are on the eve, perhaps, of a new revolution, and consequently worse than the other." Indeed! "If the men of the world at Paris, and especially in the provinces, do not see it, it is because the *real evil* being a thing entirely moral (we are right glad of it), one must, to see it, possess the science of the knowledge of good and evil." (The *primitive* destination of literature is then to be found in the Garden of Eden, and Father Adam was the first man of letters.) "The evil with which the age is afflicted, is the greater as it is more moral and spiritual, and is, therefore, indefinable. Our evil is error. It is at the highest pitch: but, after all, it is very natural; it is the result of an experience of 5800 years."

Hearken to this, ye foolish moralists and philosophers, and cease to preach that error is corrected by experience; you find the very cause of error being in the world is that it has had an experience of 5800 years! What, then, becomes of Young's—

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool:
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan."

But let us be consoled.

"*Evil* is unceasingly the measure of good:" so that there is just six of one, and half a dozen of the other: but now we tremble again.

"The universe shivering and shaking, is in a tremour; we are now, perhaps, touching on the solution of the grand problem which has been agitated for 5800 years. Hell, heaven, man, and God, are more than ever in presence." Lord have mercy on us! "It seems that the world expects *something* or *something*, and is on the eve either of its regeneration or its end."

Our fingers shake and shiver in the wind, like the universe; we cannot go on further, though it is a pity that so delectable a work should be lost to the readers of the *Literary Gazette*; but we have nerves, and must bid Mad-rolle adieu!

ORIGINAL.

† NATIONAL POLITY AND FINANCE (III).

HAVING explained the foundation whereon it is proposed to erect the system to which it is the object of these papers to invite public attention and discussion; and having shewn by what means and under what superintendence a *sterling national paper* might be framed and issued, we need hardly take much pains to repeat and enforce the positions on which we take our stand. The Note or Token, representing the land, or funds, or bullion, of Great Britain, which it is the spirit of our design to circulate, should, besides being sterling, speak nothing but the truth. It should not, as the Bank note of this date, say, "I promise to pay on demand" that which it is well known cannot be paid on demand, there being perhaps not 20 millions of gold in the country with which to discharge 60 millions of paper; nor could that small medium be long retained in it by any means with certainty, whilst improvidently dispersed throughout the nation, subject to the dealers' grasp. Our symbol should, on the contrary, expressly declare its nominal value, and that it either was or was not convertible, as the case might be; and that it was secured to double its amount, or more, upon land or funded property originating in a cash credit. Candour is not likely to provoke panic.

Let us suppose, for example, that A. B., of the parish of C. and county of D., obtained a credit of one thousand pounds in the National Ledger by pledging his estate of E., worth two thousand pounds—he draws out as many notes of £10, or higher denomination, as suits his perfect convenience; and for the remainder of the sum, notes under that value which form a class peculiar to the district or division in which he resides. These are payable to him; and indorsed by him before paying them away. Here is, in the first instance, a check to forgery almost amounting to a prevention—for it ought always to be borne in mind, that it is the vast quantity of the medium imitated, and its vast extent of range over the whole kingdom, which offer temptation and the chance of impunity to the forger. Limit that medium to a circle of a few miles, and guard it by signatures and other checks well known in that circle, and then the smallness of the sum that could be forged, the difficulty attending the forgery, and the imminent risk of immediate detection, must operate so strongly as to eradicate the crime.

It is in our contemplation that the National Paper would become the circulating medium in every part of the country; for were it possible to believe the owners of property in any particular quarter so insensible to the benefits that must arise to them from the command of capital, as to decline availing themselves of it—still, transfers of securities from one person or

one body to another would speedily spread this currency over the whole land. But, for the reasons we have stated, we would not have it of a common and universal sameness. Every circle, district, or division, on the contrary, should have its own peculiar note, (especially the small notes, if any exception were made with regard to the large ones,) which note should be limited and confined to the district for the use of which it was issued. The small note of Manchester should not travel to Liverpool for circulation, nor the small note of such a part of Surrey be current in such a part of Kent. Every portion should be distinctly localised, and by the daily and usual practice of exchanges, not the slightest inconvenience could ensue; while on the other hand, the sterling paper, as well as the security on which it rested, would be familiar to the holder of every pound. The workman who took his wages on Saturday evening should be able, from always seeing the same thing, to distinguish it perfectly from any imitation, and at the same time to feel that such a piece of paper was the note of an opulent neighbour whose estate was pledged to the nation and to him for its security. Upon what ground, let us ask, could any panic or run arise out of a coinage or circulating medium of this wholesome stamp? What could be feared by the holder? what more or better could be wanted by any party from whom he wished to purchase a commodity?*

Let us figure to ourselves Great Britain divided into ten thousand parishes or circles, and supplied, agreeably to this method, with a currency of £1000 each, as follows:—

1 Note of £100 100
4 50
10 20
20 10
50 5
100 2
1000 1

In all 205 notes, indorsed, as before prescribed, by the customer only, but without his incurring any responsibility. Here we have readily and simultaneously issued the sum of *Ten millions sterling*,† which amount can be augmented as readily if required by circumstances, or gradually and easily diminished by the receipt of taxes or other means, should a partial absorption be found necessary. But do not let it be forgotten, that whether increased or lessened, the matter is to be publicly and openly done. Every occurrence, and the state of the bank at any moment, must be on the face of its transactions, and comprehensible at one glance. From hour to hour, by regular and clear books, kept constantly up to the latest period, it should be obvious what number of notes were issued, of what kinds they were, and where the radius of circulation had demanded their augmentation, and where their diminution. In a local point of view, it appears to us that this system would be

* It would be quite satisfactory to any labourer, mechanic, or shopkeeper, holding a one pound note in his hand, to say, "That field which I can see daily within a hundred yards of my abode is answerable for this piece of paper—for its being worth what it is denominated, 'a pound sterling';—it is no matter whether the land is itself worth ten pounds, or five, or only two, it is sufficient security for the circulating medium in my possession, for which it is openly pledged, and liable before all other claims or demands whatever." Unless all value is an abstract quality or fiction,—unless a bar of gold or silver is intrinsically superior to fifty acres of cultivated land, then assuredly the currency, simply secured upon the latter, must be preferable to that which it is the utmost aim of those who insist upon what they call real values in currency to have convertible at will into precious metals.

† Suppose the amount quadrupled, or sextupled, and you have, with the same ease, a perfect and secure sterling currency for the whole business of the country; authorised by the legislature, and limited to a maximum, so that no undue influence in any quarter could ever arise.

perfect in its operation, and that there would always be money enough for the demand, money to stimulate industry, and money with which to carry on business of every kind, without the bane of debts and credits; in other words, of frauds and extortions, that grind the faces of the poor.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

M. CHAMPOLLION FIGEAC, the well-known French antiquary, addressed two letters, not long ago, to the editor of the *Moniteur*, announcing the arrival at Havre, on the 1st of September, of the *Durance*, of 170 tons, from Leghorn, with the valuable cargo of Egyptian antiquities (which we have frequently mentioned) destined to enrich the Museum of the Louvre. The following are extracts from these highly interesting and curious documents:—

There are above a hundred cases; besides the large pieces of sculpture, some of which weigh from 1400 to 1800 quintals.

To give you a slight idea of the richness of this collection, I will copy some of the details annexed to the report addressed from Leghorn on the 26th of last April to the Duke de Doudeauville, his Majesty's chamberlain, by my brother, who at that time had all the articles of which the collection is composed under his eye.

This report is divided into several sections. The first relates to the manuscripts on papyrus and on linen; the number of which amounts to ninety-eight. The form, the length, and the perfect preservation of the greater part, render them the finest Egyptian manuscripts in Europe. Several of them are from fifteen to twenty feet long; one of them is near forty. The Greek papyri will also be of great advantage to history and palaeography. Two of them are astrological. There are some fine fragments of the *Iliad*, from the same manuscript of which several parts are in London; and a leaf of a Greek and Latin vocabulary; which proves, contrary to the common opinion, that the ancients also composed dictionaries, in which the words of one language were interpreted by those of another.—The bronze articles are above 400 in number, and with regard both to finish and to size greatly exceed the finest Egyptian bronzes that have hitherto been known. Figures of more than a foot in height are not uncommon among them. Some of them have gold or silver eyes; with necklaces and other ornaments of dress, plated with silver, of silver gilt, and even of gold. There is an Osiris two feet seven inches high; and a female statue three feet high. It is well known how rare antique bronzes of such a size are in European cabinets. Utensils of the same material are equally numerous; among them is a censor, vases of various forms, mirrors, and the tools of different trades.—Egyptian sculptors frequently worked in wood. There are in this collection more than 200 articles of that material. Among others, there is a statue four feet four inches high; several figures of smaller proportions; and a crowd of things in general use, such as combs, spoons, sticks, &c., with hieroglyphic inscriptions. There is a harp, three feet eight inches high, with some of its strings remaining; an armchair, the back of which is inlaid with ebony and ivory; a drum similar to the drum of our own times; a tabour; two pointed boats, with oars, and a rudder; and a heap of vases of all shapes. Some ivory articles complete this assemblage of domestic utensils; to which are

also joined baskets of rushes or palm leaves, containing the fruits of the country; locks of hair; rackets; bread; colours, in the lump or in powder; and five pair of shoes. There are also some leather shoes; some red morocco slippers, richly ornamented; and other articles of dress, curiously embroidered. A great number of vases, of clay, porcelain, calcareous stone, marble, granite, basalt, &c., most of them ornamented with paintings or inscriptions, complete that which may be called a set of Egyptian moveables.—The jewels and other articles of dress, in precious materials, are more than fourteen hundred in number. Several little figures among them are either in solid gold or in solid silver; and the finish corresponds with the value of the material. Rings and earrings of the same metals are numerous; and nothing can exceed the richness of the necklaces, which are either of solid gold or of solid silver, or of gold and silver, mingled with cornelians, amethysts, jaspers, lazuli, agates, emeralds, &c. A few articles of luxury are made of the same materials; and a thousand beetles and little figures complete this part of the collection, which is not less interesting to the naturalist and the lapidary than it is to the archaeologist. Among the glass articles there is a dish of a very elegant shape, about sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter, enclosed in a pretty basket, which is undoubtedly the finest piece of antique glass at present known.

—In every Egyptian collection mummies are indispensable. This contains eleven, all remarkable, from being enclosed in various cases, covered with gilding or rich painting, or ornaments spangled with enamel or plated glass. There are also six portraits, painted on linen, stretched upon wood, which belong to the Greco-Egyptian period. Other kinds of funeral remains also abound in the collection; such as alabaster or stone vases, urns with inscriptions, mummies of animals, and little consecrated statues. Among the latter are twenty-eight royal figures, taken from the royal tombs at Thebes, and bearing the names of the Pharaohs of the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty. The others relate to Egyptians of all classes; priests, royal or sacred scribes, judges, civil officers, or simple individuals; and they are formed of the most varied materials.

Among the most curious of these monuments are ten small pictures, painted on wood, representing acts of adoration. The *stèles*, or bas-reliefs, are about fifty in number, and consist of subjects or inscriptions calculated to throw a great light on the study of the Egyptian religion. Many of them represent the kings and queens of Egypt, worshipping their gods, or receiving the homage of their subjects. Some of them are of freestone, others of basalt, others of granite. Several of them are sculptured or painted on both sides. A small one represents Sesostris, when a child; another bears a long inscription relative to the honours paid to a pontiff by the sacerdotal body. Four of them are in two languages,—hieroglyphic and demotic, or demotic and Greek. One is half sculptured, and the other half only traced in black. Their sizes vary, from ten inches to above six feet high.

The statues and little figures in hard materials are tolerably numerous, and some of them incontestably prove the power of Egyptian art in the round. Among the small statues of two feet high, is one of King Nechoas, with a *stèle*, bearing the date of his reign. There are fifteen figures of a large size; five of them, in black granite, and dated in the eighteenth dynasty, are six feet high. A Sesostris, of the same

material, is above six feet. Another king, Sevechus, of the twenty-fifth dynasty, seated on a throne, is more than four feet high. The head of a statue of another king, detached from a colossus, and of red granite, is not less than seven feet high; the ear alone is a foot long.

There are several fragments of Greek and Roman sculpture. Among others, two little torsos, of the greatest beauty; one of them is a Bacchus.

But what eminently distinguishes this new collection from all others, are the large monuments of sculpture, not so remarkable for their number, as for their historical importance. They are—

1st. A massive cippus of black granite, six feet high, with bas-reliefs, relative to Sesostris.

2d. The lower part of the colossal statue of Amenophis the Second, the Memnon of the Greeks, in red granite; the feet are nearly a metre and a half in length. They are placed on a base eighteen inches high, ornamented with the figures of captive kings, all strongly marked with the African physiognomy; and before every one is a shield, bearing, in alphabetical hieroglyphics, the name of the country or little kingdom over which he reigned. These names of countries are for the greater part very legible; and hence, unquestionably, some very unexpected lights will be thrown on the ancient geography of Africa.

3d. The *chapelle*, of one stone, belonging to the Great Temple of Philæ, of red granite, eight feet by three; with its dedication, by King Ptolemaeus Evergetes the Second, and his wife Cleopatra.

4th. A cippus, in the shape of an Egyptian door, of red granite, nearly nine feet high, by nearly six broad, with a dedication, by Pharaoh Thoutmosis the First, of the eighteenth dynasty.

5th. Seventeen blocks, forming a bas-relief, fifteen feet by twenty, divided into columns, and which is one of the statistical tables of the Egyptian empire of which Tacitus speaks in mentioning the travels of Germanicus in Egypt. The present is of the earliest times of the eighteenth dynasty, and contains, for three different periods, the number of inhabitants invested with certain functions in several provinces, the number of horses, war-chariots, oxen, bulls, cows, gazelles, &c., and (which is not less curious) the revenue of the crown, in precious stones, gold, silver, iron, copper, perfumes, &c.

6th. The sarcophagus of Pharaoh Ramses-Meiamoun, the grandfather of Sesostris, from the celebrated tomb of harps at Biban-el-Molouk, at Thebes. This magnificent monument, which is in perfect preservation, consists of a single block of red granite. It is ten feet long, six feet high, and four feet ten inches broad. Its weight is estimated at 180 quintals. Its outside and inside are absolutely covered with inscriptions and figures, painted or enamelled.

7th. A royal sphinx, in red granite, of the time of Sesostris, between ten and eleven feet long.

8th. Four other royal sphinxes, in the same attitude, and of the same materials as the preceding; but at least twenty feet long, and not less remarkable for their fine execution as works of art. They have also a royal inscription.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 13.—On Tuesday the 10th inst. (the first day of Term), the following

gentlemen were elected University officers for the year ensuing:—

Proctors.—Rev. J. Tomkyns, M.A., King's College;

Rev. S. Pope, M.A., Emmanuel College;

Treasurers.—Rev. J. Hind, M.A., Sidney College; Rev.

H. Venn, M.A., Queen's College.

Moderators.—Rev. J. King, M.A., Queen's College;

Rev. H. Coddington, M.A., Trinity College.

Seriatim.—Rev. T. Dices, M.A., Jesus College; Rev.

H. Tasker, M.A., Pembroke Hall.

On the same day the under-mentioned degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. R. Major, R. Andrew, Trinity College; Rev. J. Hargreaves, Rev. T. W. Franklyn, Rev. C. P. N. Wilton, St. John's College; Rev. T. Taylor, Catharine Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. F. W. Martin, E. K. Jenson, Trinity College; J. F. Denham, St. John's College; A. Power (Compounder), T. Milnes, Catharine Hall; F. Law, Queen's College; J. Gattley, Sidney College.

Yesterday the following gentlemen were appointed the Caput for the year ensuing:—

The Vice-Chancellor; Rev. M. Davy, D.D., Master of Caius College, *Divinity*; Rev. J. W. Geldart, LL.D., Trinity Hall, *Law*; J. Haviland, M.D., St. John's College, *Physic*; Rev. G. E. Corrie, Catharine Hall, *Sen. non Reg.*; Rev. A. Oliviant, M.A., Trinity College, *Sen. Regent*.

Congregations after Friday, Oct. 13: Wednesday, Oct. 25, at eleven; Wednesday, Nov. 15, at eleven; Wednesday, Dec. 6, at eleven; Saturday, Dec. 16, (end of Term) at ten.

Oxford, Oct. 14.—On Monday last, the Rev. R. Jenkins, D.D., Master of Balliol College, was admitted Vice-Chancellor of the University; and, at the same time, nominated the Rev. G. W. Hall, D.D., Master of Pembroke College, the Rev. J. C. Jones, D.D., Rector of Exeter College, the Rev. G. Rowley, D.D., Master of University College, and the Rev. A. T. Gilbert, D.D., Principal of Brasenose College, to be his Pro-Vice-Chancellor for the ensuing year.

On Tuesday, the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—R. L. Adams, Student of Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Rev. T. S. Hellier, Lect. Crew's Exhibitioner of Lincoln College; Rev. J. Walsh, Queen's College; Rev. G. H. Webber, Rev. H. L. Thomas, Rev. T. Henderson, Rev. A. Short, Students of Christ Church.

Bachelor of Arts.—W. H. Parson, Magdalen Hall.

FINE ARTS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &c.

No. XV.—Modern Art.

TENIERS, Gerard Douw, Metz, Terburg, Mieris, and indeed all the painters of cabinet pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools, as already observed, were encouraged to represent the every-day objects with which they were surrounded. This mode of practice must have been the principal cause of their attaining to that extraordinary degree of imitation which is so obvious in all their best works; and in which, with few exceptions, consists their principal excellence. The encouragers and collectors contemporary with these painters, however, could not have derived that peculiar pleasure from the contemplation of these specimens of graphic art which is felt by the collector of the present day; because time has rendered what was modern in their day, ancient, and consequently wrapt in the delightful associations of the past. It is this circumstance to which the far greater number of those who gaze at pictures never afford a consideration, though it has raised these old masters in such general estimation, and much above their desert: for what by mere age has thus acquired a highly pictorial character, whether in the shape of a building, its furniture, or the dress of the figures which adorn the piece, is the work of antiquity alone, for which the painter now obtains credit, though totally abstracted of any merit of his own. The value which, in spite of sober judgment, is thus attached to things for mere antiquity's sake, operates against the modern painter at all points; for to paint a piece to suit the picturesque notions thus imbued, the living artist must have recourse to materials for his studies which are always sufficiently

difficult of attainment, and to supply, even then, what may be deficient, by invention, or by borrowing from the necessary costume or furniture displayed in the examples of these old masters. Hence many features of his composition, as is the case inevitably with all plagiarism, must be garbled, for want of the real objects to copy from, instead of thus supplying them at second-hand.

There is no attribute of poetry or painting more confined in its acceptation than what is comprehended under the term picturesque: in painting particularly, for scarcely any thing modern is admissible within its pale. The term is indeed, by custom, always associated with every thing that is old: hence, were any of our best painters to offer a subject of a mere conversation-piece, composed of modern ladies and gentlemen, in a modern apartment, and in the costume of the day, though it were wrought with the exquisite truth and finishing of the most elaborate of the Flemish or Dutch masters, it would be found wanting in interest, merely from its locality, and from its deficiency in what is prescribed under the notions of picturesque.

It appears a hard condition with the living school, to have works thus held up as specimens of the imitative powers of these old masters, with the taunt that no living talent can do the like, when the narrow prejudices of modern patronage withhold the means; for we hesitate not to say, that, were certain of the British school encouraged to practise according to the usage of these old masters, we should not only prove that the painting of silks and satins was within the compass of their abilities, but that a pictorial excellence would emanate from the study of our beautiful and elegant females, decorated in modern costume, which would eclipse the ladies of Flanders or Holland, though thus ably portrayed by Metz, Terburg, or any other of the most admired of the old masters. Indeed, many of the most exquisite cabinet pictures which are found in the galleries of the great collectors, and which have been purchased at enormous prices, are merely portraits of some beau or belle, friends of the painter, who have sat to him for these veritable studies. It often happens that too much poetry, incorporated with the painting art, is exacted from the practitioners of our school. It is but reasonable, then, that their productions (they thus yielding to public opinion) should be judged with reference to this poetic mode of practice. To urge a student to seek in the regions of fancy for his theme, and then to criticise and compare his ingenious composition with reference to cold matter of fact, is an anomaly only known to modern connoisseurship. If the object of painting be to rival works wherein mere imitation and high finishing constitute the greatest properties, it can only be effected by the admission of such means as were granted to those who have done these things so marvellously.

We shall, however, offer a few remarks upon the productions of British artists in the spirit and intention of their mode of feeling, according to the genius of the school, without meaning to insinuate the mixture of too much poetic feeling in the practice of our painters; but rather to uphold that due proportion of the *beau ideal* which is so necessary to create an elegant art by the due cultivation of nature, and which is so characteristic of our native works. It is not necessary, in the representation of a boor, to render him but little above a brute, because Ostade and Brouwer have so depicted him: nor can we cease to admire the superior feeling of Rey-

nolds, who, in his enthusiastic devotion to splendour of colour and intensity of tone, wrapped his human beings in all the magic of Rembrandt's art, and yet deprived them of none of the sweet attributes of humanity. Reynolds, like Titian, proved that the utmost daring of *chiaro-scuro* was not incompatible with even Grecian notions of grace and beauty. We have but to contemplate his finest works, to comprehend the great achievements of modern art.

At the same time, with all our admiration of what is due to feeling or sentiment in the art of painting, we wish that it were a more common practice with certain of our painters to super-add careful finishing to their works generally, but more particularly to their cabinet pictures; for, even to the most cultivated eye, there is a charm in the elaborate execution of the first-rate Dutch and Flemish painters, which is considered an excellence so engaging, as frequently to compensate for the absence of those superior objects in a composition, which were otherwise indispensable even in the humble class of design.

With respect to elaborate finishing, it must be observed, at the same time, that there is a point beyond which it should not be pushed. It is frequently over-done in the works of Gerard Douw, transparent and beautiful as they are of his best day. In Mieris, the excess of finishing too often amounts almost to mere waste of labour. In Vandewelde's small sea pieces we have examples of exquisite finishing, united with a spirited and captivating touch. Teniers united these qualities with almost equal felicity. Adrian Van de Velde, too, painted with a sweet and spirited execution: so indeed did almost all the celebrated masters of these schools.

This quality, then, if not demanded to an equal extent,—as seen in certain of these elaborate works,—is yet essential to the perfection of cabinet pictures, though painted in the spirit and feeling of our own school. For the public taste leading to the encouragement of familiar subjects,—and the collector looking with interest on all the objects of a composition under the designation of *accessories* and *still life*, they should “be painted to the life;” for short of the most perfect imitation, such expletives are not worth the paint bestowed upon them.

The enlightened connoisseur, however, will not yield his judgment to the fascinations of mere finishing. He would prefer a masterly sketch by Titian or Rubens, to the shining silks and satins of the laborious Vander Werf, or the many-coloured carpets, globes, and fiddles, of the super-elaborate Gerard Douw.

Even in the portraits of Vandyck, wonderful as they are, we have occasionally seen too great a display of elaborate execution on the draperies; silks and satins indeed so powerfully portrayed, that the persons whom they are intended to adorn are secondary objects in the general effect of the composition. Too much as well as too little labour may be bestowed on these things, which may be compared to the sculptured draperies of Roubilliac,—astonishing examples of execution, but which genius, well directed, might render with half the labour in much better taste.

In the best works of Reynolds may be discovered the truest examples of the just application of finishing, combined with sentiment, feeling, and general effect. His draperies are elegantly cast, duly subservient to the figure, and always coloured to harmonise with the flesh. It is a rare quality in a speaker, a poet,

or a painter, to know when to leave off. Reynolds, above all men, knew when he had done enough, and having done enough, he laid down the pencil.

To be enabled to form a true estimate of the merits of the respective schools of painting, requires so vast an extent of comparative knowledge, and demands so attentive an observation of the properties of art, besides the perception fitted for an inquiry into the object of the painter, that few are competent to speak confidently upon the subject, excepting the professor. There are too many, however, who, in declaiming on art, are more bold and confident in their opinions than any professor; the latter, indeed, is generally slow to pronounce his opinion on such a question, lest he should commit himself by too hasty a judgment.

It is much more amusing than edifying, perhaps, to listen to the criticisms of some self-complacent admirer of the old masters, as he moves from picture to picture, and descends from school to school, whilst addressing a group of friends, to whom he sports himself the enlightened *cicerone*. Those who delight in the development of character, by frequenting the British Gallery, may revel amidst originals of this cast.

At a visit to this enchanting spot, during one of the late exhibitions of the old masters, we could not but admire a conversation that passed amongst a group of fashionable. “Heavens!” exclaimed a portly-looking gentleman lately from Cambridge, — “what a picture!” It was a large sea-piece by Backhuysen. “How awfully grand!” It was obvious that he was a scholar, by the learned phrases with which he interspersed his eulogies of the piece. He was wrapt in amazement and delight; his enthusiasm was caught by the whole group. He quoted Homer and Virgil, and expatiated so vehemently upon the glorious truth displayed in the storm, and illustrated his points so classically, that we, though not usually excited by such movements, were almost betrayed, like the charming women who were listening to his dictum, into the belief that the porpoises rolling about were sirens, or dolphins at least; only, looking for their prismatic tints, as described by the poets, we beheld them of an ink hue. “It is sublime! none of the moderns can elevate their art to this!” added the admiring scholar, shaking his head. “Heaven forbid they should!” exclaimed the cynic *****, who was hard by the sage critic: and we were of his opinion; for with all its merit, the picture was verily “black as soot!”

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. C. Kemble and Mr. Fawcett, as *Charles the Second* and *Captain Copp*, in the after-piece of *Charles the Second*, from Clint's picture, and engraved by T. Lupton, is a powerful and striking dramatic delineation. Nothing could be better performed than these characters; both actors are admirable, the situation is excellent, and attitudes, looks, and situation, all that could be wished. Mr. Clint has hit them off in a happy moment; and this print will long be a favourite with the lovers of the stage, and take its place in every portfolio where fine theatrical portraits are valued.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SCOTCH SONG.

SAY, shall ye min', my ain dear Jean,
When we are far awa frae ither,
The joyfu' moments that hae been
When we were bairns, an' aye thegither—

Whan on the gowan-spangled green,
Or by the burnie's wimpling wadies,
Or down the glen sae tangled, Jean,
We've stray'd to listen to the mavis?

What in our youth was plighted luv, [us ;
Whan bairns first grew and strengthen'd wi'
And now our parting will but prove
How dear these earliest ties are to us.

Our hearts were leal—nae thochts o' gear
E'er cross'd or fash'd our hours o' pleasure ;
We were to each, my Jeannie dear,
A wail itsel', a spendless treasure.

Yet, yet, an' maun it, maun it be,
That I for gowd maun lea' my lassie ?
Do friens an' poortith sae decree ?
See, love, the tears drap i' the Tassie !

What, can the wealth o' eastern Ind
Hale the crush'd heart, or soothe the bosom ?
Content an' luv—a tranquil mind—
O these be flowers at hame that blossom !

They'll grow for us in after-time—
Our luv was pure, an' Heaven will bless us ;
This hope will light the dreariest clime,
An' soothe the when pains or waes distress us !

PANTHEA.*

" Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!"—Byron.

" HUSH, fluttering heart ! lie still and rest,
Nor bid thee anxious mistress mourn ;
The gods a fervent prayer have blest—
My hero will return.

Behold his dancing crest afar,
Rising amid the billowy throng !
There, like a glancing meteor-star,
It rushes bright along.

Ah ! would that thy young heart had borne
More of affection's peaceful charms,
And less of war, which now has torn
Thee from Panthea's arms.

Glorious was ever thy career,
With Valour's signet on thy brow ;
So fickle is my heart, I fear
I love thee dearer now.

And yet, in some secluded grove,
If we from warring worlds could steal,
Thy valour soon would be forgot
In what I then should feel.

Hark ! how the sounds of war arise—
Man seeks his fellow-mortal's life :
Hark ! to the loud, increasing cries
From yonder field of strife.

Where is my warrior ? where is he ?
His helm is lost amid the fray :
Again his towering form I see ;
Now, now he's borne away !

Terror, begone ! my wishes call,
And love will banish all alarms ;
At least if Abradates fall,
He falls within these arms."

The field was won, but won with blood,
Nor did the foe resistless yield ;
Triumphant now the Persian stood
On the ensanguined field.

But there young Abradates fell,
With not a blot his shield to stain ;
And Cyrus too avenged him well
Upon the battle plain.

* Panthea, wife of Abradates, king of Susa, was taken prisoner, and honourably and gently treated by Cyrus ; in consideration of which, her husband united his forces with those of the conqueror. He was slain in the first battle which he undertook for his cause, and his wife stabbed herself upon the corpse.—Xenophon.

Low did the youthful monarch rest,
With many victims at his side ;
His reeking sword upon his breast,
Victoriously he died.

And on his royal bosom cast,
Another lifeless form behold !
The sanguine tint is welling fast,
The heart is scarcely cold.

Panthea ! all affection thou,
For earthly cares thou wert not made ;
Thou couldst not bear to linger now
Where once thy lover stray'd !

And Love, with drooping wing and crest,
Laments thy sad and hapless doom ;
While wedded truth in every breast
Shall raise to thee a tomb !

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.

Of these Travels, both as amusing in themselves and as a specimen of Russian literature, we continue the translation.

" Inevitable danger," says the writer, " inspires even the most timid with an impulsive courage, and imparts to the brave an indifference towards either life or death. Aware, therefore, that our present situation could hardly become worse, I determined upon proceeding at once to the village, notwithstanding the advice of my companion, who urged that it would be more prudent to conceal ourselves until we should see what kind of beings we should have to deal with. On entering what appeared to be the principal street, we met a number of animals who bore a considerable resemblance to orang-outangs, and who, as soon as they perceived us, set up a loud cry, rushing into their dwellings, whence they peeped at us through the windows with looks in which were mingled curiosity and terror. The younger animals scampered from us as fast as they could, just as a crowd of urchins would at the sight of a couple of bears ; and the only salutation we obtained from them was a volley of sticks and stones. Notwithstanding this truly ominous reception, we proceeded onward, I armed with my cutlass, and Michael with his hatchet, determined, in case of necessity, to defend ourselves to the last. Having reached a kind of open square, we found it filled with a crowd of these animals, who had provided themselves with cudgels and pikes, and were drawn up in hostile array, as if expecting to be attacked. Making, therefore, a halt, we gave them to understand, by signs, that our intentions were perfectly peaceable ; upon which, one of them ventured to step forward, but with evident caution, stretching out his head as much as possible, in order to reconnoitre our persons with his diminutive eyes, which were scarcely larger than those of the Ignorantians. He then inquired of me, in the Malay tongue, who we were, and whence we came. To these queries I was obliged to return the same replies as I had done to the Ignorantians, imploring their hospitality towards two distressed strangers. The spokesman of the crowd, turning round to his companions, informed them of our request, saying that we called ourselves men, and pretended to come from a country a great way off, and above their heads. ' Men ! ' exclaimed several of the animals ; ' what strange creatures ! what singular figures ! ' and then they all burst out into a loud, stunning laugh. ' Well,' cried their leader, ' since we find you are neither goblins nor wild beasts, as we at first imagined, but apparently harmless creatures, we will enter-

tain you among us.' ' Give me leave,' said I, to inquire to whom I am obliged, and what this place is called ? ' The name of our country,' replied he, ' is Skotiniya,* and we reckon ourselves the most civilised and enlightened nation of all with which we are acquainted. But of this we will talk hereafter ; let me first introduce you to my countrymen.' We now approached the crowd, who soon formed a circle round us, viewing us from head to foot with the greatest attention and curiosity. I, on my part, scrutinised them with no less wonder, and discovered that they were all exceedingly short-sighted, so much so that they could hardly see beyond their noses. They begged our permission to become acquainted with us by handling our persons, the structure of which occasioned them no small astonishment, particularly our eyes, which they considered to be of most extraordinary size, and contrary to all their ideas of beauty. Their own, as I have already remarked, were exceedingly small, being not much larger than a pin's head ; but this deficiency was amply compensated by an enormous extent of ear, which imparted to them no small degree of asinine appearance. They were equally gifted with regard to amplitude of mouth, that useful aperture reaching from ear to ear ; while a snout, resembling that of a baboon, completed the *tout-ensemble* of their countenance. Their bodies were covered with soft, shaggy hair of various colours ; and their whole dress consisted of a Scotch philibeg, and a cloak that nearly reached their loins. While the crowd were criticising our persons, one of the higher class of these animals, attracted by the news of our arrival, came to satisfy his curiosity. This consequential creature galloped up to the spot where we were standing, in a strange kind of vehicle drawn by four marmosets, which he drove himself, and seemed to pride himself not a little upon his dexterity. As soon as he stopped, the crowd made way, when alighting from his car, and giving the reins to his attendant, (who, by the by, looked the less uncouth animal of the two,) he abruptly asked if we knew who he was. To this extraordinary demand I replied in the negative. ' Impossible ! ' cried he ; ' what, have you not heard of the celebrated Durindoss, the inventor of no fewer than half a dozen pies and thirteen new sauces ? It was I who first conceived the idea of attaching these little bells to various parts of our dress ; it was I who, by my profound study, discovered the means of stretching the ear far beyond its natural extent : nor am I less distinguished for my patronage of all the fine arts ; all the rhyme-spinners and prose-weavers of Skotiniya look up to me for protection and encouragement.' In this modest strain did Durindoss continue to harangue us for about an hour, expatiating on his own extraordinary endowments, and exhausting all the laudatory epithets with which his language supplied him, in commendation of himself ; not forgetting to inform us, that, among his other admirable qualities, he was considered the greatest eater in all Skotiniya. While this phoenix was thus employed in eulogising, with the utmost sincerity, his own prodigious talents and virtues, I was studying the fashion of his attire, which was certainly more fantastic than that of the rest, having a great number of little bells sewed on various parts of it ; and the prodigious length of his ears convinced me that he must be an object of envy to his countrymen for his superiority in this respect. Anxious to secure the favour of one who prided himself on his

* Skot, in Russian, signifies cattle ; therefore, Skotiniya literally signifies Beast-land.

connoisseurship in sauces, and who studied cookery both practically and theoretically, I assured him that had he but announced his name at first, I should have known at once whom I had the honour of seeing; for his reputation had extended even to the country I came from; and I considered myself highly fortunate in becoming acquainted with one known every where as the patron of all that conduces to the diffusion of science or of art. This little compliment procured for me, as I expected, an invitation to the residence and table of Durindoss, who assured me, moreover, that I should there meet with all the talent, fashion, and quality of Skotiniya.

"Before I proceed to give an account of what most struck me during my short stay in this country, I ought to inform my readers that the ridiculous boasting, vanity, self-assurance, and ostentatious ignorance, displayed by my host, were by no means peculiar to himself, but merely traits of the national character. I am sorry, therefore, that I have been obliged to give a portrait of him so little prepossessing, for in other respects I discovered him to be very humane and hospitable,—and I almost fear that I shall be considered ungrateful; but national defects can hardly be imputed as a fault in an individual. In short, the only thing to be objected to in Durindoss, is, that he had the misfortune to be born in Skotiniya.

"On accompanying him home, I found that his dwelling consisted of apartments which were sunk under ground like so many cellars, leaving little more than the roof projecting above the surface,—a style of building that is here considered particularly beautiful and magnificent. There were, of course, no windows, but the rooms were lighted with lamps. Scarcely had we entered, ere our host proposed that we should recruit ourselves by trying the virtue of some of his own pies, which were accompanied by truffles and wine, all of which we found to be in excellent taste. Having satisfied the demands of hunger, I now began to attend to the cravings of curiosity, eager to become acquainted with all the physical and moral peculiarities of my new abode. I learnt from my host that there was no distinction of day and night, as with us; the degree of light always continuing the same. 'How, then,' inquired I, 'do you divide your time?' 'By eating and drinking: four dinners and three sleeps make four-and-twenty hours; three of these portions form a week, twelve weeks a month, and twenty-four months a year.' 'Yet have you no machine or contrivance for an accurate measurement of time?' 'Certainly we have, and if you please you may here examine one.' He then brought me one of these instruments, which consisted of a transparent jar, constructed upon nearly the same principle as our hour-glasses: the chief difference was that it was filled with wine instead of sand. 'But I am anxious,' said I, 'to learn something respecting the geography of your country, and to ascertain what progress you have made in scientific knowledge.' 'This is not much in my way,' returned Durindoss; 'for although my attainments are universal, I occupy myself principally with the fine arts and belles lettres, that is, cookery, dress, criticism, satire, poetry, &c. But to-morrow I shall have a large party to dinner, among whom will be many learned men; they will satisfy you on these points. One of them is a very great theoretical genius, who has computed how many grains of sand there are in the whole earth, and how far it is to its centre. He has likewise ascertained the nature of mind,

and many other difficult metaphysical questions; and, in short, knows all the secrets of nature, from the infinitely little to the infinitely great.'

"Here our conversation broke off, for my host informed me that it was now time to retire to sleep, a piece of intelligence I was not sorry to receive, as I stood greatly in need of repose. Accordingly I was shewn into a little cell which was to be my chamber, and throwing myself down on my couch, slept so soundly that I did not awake until Durindoss himself came to inform me that the guests were already assembled. I followed him to the dining-room, where I found about thirty persons, to whom I was introduced as a stranger of extraordinary talents; for, from the questions I had put to him, my entertainer had conceived that I must be a great philosopher myself. I was instantly surrounded by the company, every one of whom immediately began to inform me of his own astonishing abilities, in a style that reminded me of certain worthies in our part of the globe, who, unwilling that merit should be concealed, trumpet forth their own praises in newspaper advertisements.* It was a style, nevertheless, which, however accustomed to it in print, I had never yet met with *visà voce*,—at least not to such an extent. Among the first who addressed me was a diminutive little figure, who carried a musical instrument not much unlike the *gusli*. 'You must know,' said he, in a squeaking tone, 'that I am the first philosopher in all Skotiniya, and have long been employed in erecting a monument to my own talents.' Seeing that I did not exactly comprehend him, he explained himself, by informing me that he was writing a book which would comprise all the learning of past ages, and all that could possibly be discovered in future. 'It is true,' continued he, 'envious people laugh at me; but when the work appears it will cover them with confusion, for they will then see how, in the compass of a few pages, I have given the substance of all knowledge,—the whole circle of arts and sciences; and that the greatest of my predecessors seem merely to have borrowed my ideas by anticipation.'

"No sooner had this original ceased speaking, than another, seizing hold of me by the hand, exclaimed, 'Have you ever, in your country, met with one who, without having studied any branch of learning, is acquainted with them all, and capable of giving his opinion without hesitation? I can truly say that I can do this. I have corrected numberless erroneous opinions and theories that have hitherto prevailed. I have enlightened my countrymen, removed their prejudices, and founded a new era in morals and practical philosophy. I am at once the guide and the voice of public opinion here.' How long he might have continued to descant on his own stupendous talents I know not, for happily at this instant dinner was brought in, and my philosopher was the first to secure himself a good place at table. My host seated me between himself and an old man, who readily satisfied my curiosity, replying to the various questions I put to him from time to time. At the commencement of the repast an almost total silence prevailed, the guests being too much occupied with filling their great mouths, to let any words come out of them; for I must confess that their appetites did not seem very metaphysical. In reply to some queries which

* These gentlemen merely follow the precedent of Cicero himself, who, requesting a puff from a literary friend, observes, "Littera haud erubescit."—*Transit*.

I put to my neighbour respecting the geography and natural history of the country, he informed me, that Skotiniya might be compared to a large cauldron with a cover, in the centre of which was an aperture, whence proceeded all the light and heat they enjoyed. 'Our learned men,' continued he, 'have never yet been able to give any satisfactory account of the source whence the light proceeds; on the contrary, they rather employ themselves in empty chimeras and frivolous disputes. Notwithstanding our shortsightedness, each piques himself on the excellence of his vision, and to convince the world of it, refuses the use of candle or other light. But what I most blame in our philosophers, as they style themselves, is their very unphilosophical irritability; for if any one throws the least doubt on any of their assertions, they load him with the coarsest abuse. Take care, therefore, how you venture to contradict any of these gentry.' I thanked my informant for his advice, and being rather pleased with his seeming good sense, took the liberty of inquiring whom I had the honour of addressing. He informed me that he was one of the judges of the city. 'Then,' observed I, 'I presume you understand the system of your laws perfectly, and can furnish me with some information respecting them.' 'Pardon me,' returned he, 'but I have never attempted to explore such a chaos. Instead of perplexing myself about such a mess of contradictions, I adopt a very simple plan, that saves myself a great deal of useless trouble, and answers every purpose quite as well. I decide every question that comes before me by a pair of dice.* If I throw an even number, it is in favour of the plaintiff; if an odd one, of the defendant: and I find that chance settles the matter with as much equity, and certainly as much impartiality, as could be effected by any other way; to say nothing of the promptitude of this mode of decision.' 'Yet, surely,' said I, 'where the fortunes of whole families are at stake, a little examination into the case would not be amiss.' 'Pho! why plague one's self to weigh an affair with nicety, when after all one might determine amiss? Besides, of what importance is it to the community at large, which of the parties gains, or which loses, since both cannot come off triumphant.' 'But justice! equity!'—'Depends,—as it would do after every precaution,—upon chance.'

"My attention was here called off from this model of jurisprudence, by the very animated conversation of the other guests, who having satisfied their appetites, were now giving loose to their tongues with redoubled energy, and with a vehemence of action that denoted more earnestness than urbanity; every one defending his own opinion with the utmost force of his lungs. The only person who seemed at all tranquil was the host, who, when applied to for a decision, merely uttered, Hum! Ha! and continued to sip his wine very composedly. At length, to such a pitch did the uproar proceed, that fearing the angry gestures of the disputants would actually turn to blows, he proposed that the party should break up. Perceiving that I was by no means delighted with this specimen of his countrymen's philosophy, Durindoss invited me to pay a visit to his wife, who had an *at-home* that evening; hoping that I should be better pleased with the beauty and fashion of Skotiniya, than I had been with its learning."

In our next we will conclude this paper.

* This is rather an old story for our Russian author to incorporate with his account of a new nation.—*Ed.*

DRAMA.

"Ne quid falsi, dicere audeat; delude
Ne quid veri, non audeat."

DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday evening, the comedy of *The Will* was performed at this theatre. The principal character was written expressly for the late Mrs. Jordan; and Reynolds, in the *History of his Life and Times*, gives a pleasant account of the cavalier manner in which, during the rehearsal, he was treated by the Drury Lane performers; their theatre at that time being considered as peculiarly the abode of genuine comedy, and he, as a Covent Garden writer, being looked upon as scarcely worthy to rank with the "legitimates." On the present occasion, the play has been revived for the purpose of putting Miss Tree into *Albina Mandeville*,—a part of extreme length, upon which the whole interest of the comedy depends, and for the adequate representation of which she has neither sufficient experience, talent, nor even physical ability. At the same time, however, that we make this broad assertion, we are bound in justice to acknowledge that her performance is entitled to considerable praise: she has read the character correctly enough, she labours hard to produce effects, and give her points with force; but, though occasionally successful, there is too much of effort about it. Her vivacity does not appear natural; and, in spite of all her exertions, it is quite clear that she has not a sufficient flow of animal spirits to carry her boldly and successfully through her task. We cannot indeed account for the very extensive line of parts for which this young lady has been cast: *Jane Shore*, *Lady Teazle*, *Albina Mandeville*, *Letitia Hardy*, and *Violante*; surely the manager cannot seriously think that he is doing either himself or her a service by such an indiscriminate selection. He may depend upon it, that (at present at least) she is unfit to take the lead either in tragedy or comedy, and that her talent and usefulness will lie in something between both, probably in the *Eugenia* of Kenny, the *Susan Ashfield* and *Rosalina Somers* of Morton, or the *Floranthé* of George Colman. Of the other characters in the comedy, some were well acted, and others indifferently. Miss I. Paton played *Cicely Copley* in a less affected and more natural manner than usual. Of the original *Cicely*, the author gives us the following account: "Miss Mellon (now Mrs. Coutts) performed the character of *Cicely Copley*, the gamekeeper's daughter, in this play with considerable effect. I little thought, at that time, that I was to become the vassal of this young handsome *Cicely Copley*. Mrs. Coutts is now my *Lady of the Manor*, for under her I hold a small copyhold estate near Chelmsford in Essex; and by an old feudal law, which, though obsolete, is still unrepealed, she might compel me, *gout and all*, to attend and serve at her next Highgate public breakfast in *armour*."

COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday a comedy in two acts was performed for the first time, called *The Green Room*. It is, as we formerly announced, from the pen of Mr. Kenny; and although the subject, or something approaching to it, has been often and ably treated before, yet we cannot but congratulate the author upon the general ability he has displayed, and the ingenuity with which he has employed his materials. That the perils of the stage and the politics of the green room—that the private lives of actors and actresses, and the foibles and follies they indulge in when in their own peculiar

element, are unfair if not unprofitable topics for the dramatist, we think there can hardly exist a doubt; and we are therefore of opinion, that Mr. Kenny, making full allowance for his other merits, has at all events not exhibited his usual judgment. The secret history of what is going forward behind the curtain can add nothing to the pleasure of the greater portion of the spectators of the play. Some will affect to despise altogether the distresses of authors and the squabbles of actors; others will feel the interest they take in dramatic representations weakened by the information they receive; and all must be sensible of the degradation of a profession in which the principal members of it seem to take so much pleasure in "showing up" themselves. The plot of *The Green Room* may be told in a few words: *Musters*, the manager of a country theatre, has a pretty daughter with a brace of lovers. The one, a youth of the name of *Torrid*, the author of a new comedy about to be represented; and the other, *Mr. Staring*, the stock tragedian of the company. The lady prefers the poet; but the father's consent depends upon the success of the new piece. *Torrid*, of course, through the whole of the affair is made to suffer nothing but torments from the caprice of the players,—until, at last, his comedy is acted, and favourably received. Now, however, another difficulty occurs: a stout, middle-aged gentleman makes his first appearance, with a large fortune in his pocket for the heroine, provided she will marry him, or any other person whom he may select: but *Willmott*, for that is his name, being blest with a good share of the "milk of human kindness," seeing her distress, generously gives her to her adorer; and the parties are made happy. There is also a little bit of underplot, in which *Sir Peregrine Quixote*, a foolish baronet, gets entangled with a strolling actress, whom he mistakes for a sentimental widow; but the cheat is found out in time, and they end their courtship by freely lavishing abuse and reproaches on each other. The performers played with zeal and energy. C. Kemble's *Torrid* is a very fine piece of comic acting; and Farren and Jones do a great deal with their respective characters. In the dialogue there are some awkward compliments thrown in to these gentlemen, which might well be spared: they neither of them require to be puffed. There are also some rather stale jests, which might, with advantage, be omitted. Other portions, again, are beautifully written:—we allude particularly to some of C. Kemble's speeches, in which the thoughts and language are of a very superior description. Of the turn which was given to one of the characters, by the imitation of the voice and manner of a popular tragedian, we are at a loss to account. If arrogance, ignorance, affectation, and falsehood, be occasionally found in members of the profession, why select an individual to bear the brunt of the whole? a man too, who, whatever difference may exist as to the extent of his abilities, is distinguished for his gentlemanly deportment, his classical acquirements, and his irreproachable conduct in private life; and who, in public, has done more liberal and generous acts than probably the whole of his contemporaries put together. If this imitation be the fancy of the actor (and we can believe it to have no other origin), let the offender be reproved, and his manner of speaking altered. The stage should never be made the vehicle of private quarrels or personal antipathies. *The Green Room* was favourably received throughout; and although, from the defects we have

pointed out, it may not equal in popularity some of Mr. Kenny's other productions, yet it will most likely turn out a considerable favourite.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

At this theatre a new piece of a rather grave and pathetic cast has been successfully produced: it is entitled *Luke the Labourer*, and is throughout very ably and effectively performed. It also forms a good union with the livelier dramas which are usually represented on this stage; and if the house could be better attended than it has been, it would probably lead to this desirable effect.

IVANHOE.—A new opera, in three acts, has lately been produced at the Theatre de l'Odéon, in Paris, founded on Sir Walter Scott's romance of *Ivanhoe*, although departing in many respects from its original. It has been exceedingly successful. The music is by Rossini.

NORWEGIAN OPERA.—*Fjeldeventyret*; or, *The Adventure in the Mountains*, a comic opera in three acts, has lately been published at Christiania. It is the first comic opera that has ever been written and set to music for the purpose of being represented in the kingdom of Norway. That country has not yet any public theatres; but in all the towns there are amateurs, who play comedies and comic operas during the rigorous season of the year. The author of *Fjeldeventyret* is M. Bierregard, one of the most distinguished advocates of the supreme tribunal of the kingdom, sitting at Christiania. The composer is M. Thane. There is much talent in the piece, the story and character of which are Norwegian.

VARIETIES.

Piron, the celebrated epigrammatist, indited a severe hit upon the people of Beaune for stupidity and want of taste; but the French papers tell us they have redeemed their character, by making Duchesnois perform three times in one day, as she lately passed through that place, and covering her with laudatory verses and chaplets!

Armour in the Tower.—It appears by a letter from Dr. Meyrick, in the last No. of the Gentleman's Magazine, that that gentleman is only arranging the Horse Armoury chronologically, in a new building allotted for that purpose. A Mr. Wright has "renewed" the Spanish armoury. In the rear of the equestrian figures in armour, variously disposed, Dr. M. has placed a number of fine cannons, from the time of Henry VI. to James II.; and he states, that with the exception of one suit of mail, made to resemble the fashion of Edward I., the whole are genuine, or "founded on the basis of truth." Several royal or noble badges have been discovered on these arms.

Earthquakes.—Repeated shocks of earthquake had, by the latest accounts, been experienced at Bogota; and on the 12th of August a smart shock alarmed the inhabitants of the island of Martinique.

Lady Byron, we see by the French papers, is now residing at Geneva.

Mademoiselle Sontag has been christened by the pretty name of "the Nightingale of the North."

A Signor Rubbi is about to open a singing school in London on the model of the schools in Italy—a novelty, we believe, in our metropolis.

The Pleximeter.—An instrument under this name has been invented by a French surgeon, for the purpose of ascertaining, which it is said to do with great accuracy, the existence of any pleuritic or other effusion in the chest or abdomen. It consists of a plate of ivory, like the lid of a snuff-box, which is fixed on the part to be examined in such a way as to render the sound produced upon it by percussion very distinct. The presence of so small a quantity as two glasses of liquid has been ascertained by the pleximeter. It likewise enables the operator to discover if the liver or the spleen is enlarged, or if the peritoneum contains any air.

The meteorological observers in Russia prophecy a severe winter.

Roman Antiquities.—In the territory of the little town of Martres, in the South of France, so far back as the seventeenth century, some remarkable antiquities were found, which M. de Bertier, Bishop of Rieux, collected in his palace. The learned of those days attempted various explanations; but lately, M. du Mège, describing the geographical and religious antiquities of the department of the Upper Garonne, assigned the position of the town of *Calagurris* or *Calahorris* of the *Convenae* to the territory of Martres; and in the same place there have been recently discovered numerous vestiges of habitations, remains of walls still covered with paintings, rude mosaics, fragments of columns and capitals. This antiquary has just visited the ruins of *Calagurris*, and has rescued from oblivion a great number of valuable relics, among which are statues of Serapis and Hercules, of white marble, nearly the size of life, friezes of extraordinary beauty, busts of emperors and empresses, of colossal size, &c. &c. which will doubtless be soon removed to Toulouse, for the Gallery of Antiquities. It is stated, that M. du Mège, the founder of this Museum, causes the excavations to be continued; and there is reason to hope that, directed by him, in the vast space where there are traces of temples and ancient habitations, important discoveries will be added to those already made.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon is proceeding with so much celerity, that we have reason to believe the six volumes will appear within a few weeks after Christmas.

We understand that the long-promised Romance, *Paul Jones*, by Allan Cunningham, the admired Scottish Poet, is on the eve of publication.

Boyal Port.—It is said that the Queen of Spain, although a Saxon by birth, has written, in the Castilian language, a number of poems on sacred subjects, which are about to be published.

Hebrew Literature.—The Society formed in Amsterdam for the cultivation of the Hebrew language and literature, continues its researches and its publications with perseverance and success. The different numbers which have appeared of the proceedings of this society are full of poetry and of philosophical dissertations, distinguished by pure, correct, and elegant Hebrew, and by a profound knowledge of Jewish antiquities.

The Lady of the Lake is being translated into Italian by a Dr. *Indicatio*: we hope this living mane of indelicacy will remember that there is nothing of his nature in the original.

Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the present day; including the Sabbath, &c. of Graham, and Blair's Grace; in a neat pocket volume, with Engravings on Steel by James Mitchell, from Drawings by J. M. Wright, will soon appear: the whole illustrated by Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks. By John Biographical.

Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, for the Use of Students in Mathematics, Surveyors, Engineers, Navigators, &c. by William Galbraith, M.A., Teacher in Edinburgh, will be soon published.

Time's Telescope for 1827, which is published with the *Almanack*, will, we understand, exhibit some novel and interesting features, particularly in Entomology and Botany: it will also contain various elegant contributions from eminent living poets.

Nearly ready, Discourses on the Duties and Consolations of the Old, by the Rev. Dr. Belfrage, of Falkirk. London: Lions for Country Cousins and Friends about

Town, with 23 Views, a coloured Frontispiece, &c. a Display of the Metropolitan Improvements, new Buildings, new Streets, new Bridges, &c. &c. also the Amusements and the Exhibitions, &c. is nearly ready.

Mr. Tennant, Author of "Anster Fair," has nearly ready for the press a work entitled *Papistry Storm'd*, or the *Diaglin Down of the Cathedral*.

The Story of a Wanderer; founded upon his Recollections of Incidents in Russian and Cossack Scenes, is announced for early publication. Also, *Thoughts on Domestic Education*; the result of experience. By a Mother, author of "Always Happy," and "Hints on the Sources of Happiness."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Cruttwell's Housekeeper for 1827, 2s. sewed.—Parliamentary History and Review, Part I. 1826, royal 8vo. 25s. bds.—Porter's (Miss A. M.) Honor O'Hara, 3 vols. 12mo. 24s. bds.—Turner's Henry VIII. 4to. 2s. 2s. bds.—Lardner's Trigonometry, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Kennedy's Law of Juris, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Cunningham's Arrangement of Juris, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Lardner's Student's Manual, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Stories from Scripture History, 12mo. 6s. half-bd.—Idle Hours Employed, 12mo. 4s. 6d. half-bd.—Mitford's (Miss) Our Village, vol. 2, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Llorente's History of the Inquisition of Spain, 8vo. 13s. bds.—The First and Last Years of Wedded Life, 4 vols. 12mo. 11s. 2s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 5	From 35.5 to 51.	29.68 to 29.70
Friday... 6	28. — 52.	29.96 — 30.00
Saturday... 7	27. — 50.	30.00 — 29.92
Sunday... 8	52. — 60.	30.84 — 29.75
Monday... 9	46. — 52.	29.67 — 29.68
Tuesday... 10	38. — 50.	29.67 — 29.54
Wednesday 11	50. — 66.	29.67 — 29.54

Prevailing winds S.W. The weather latterly mild; but the changes from 38 and 27 to 52 must have been very trying to the constitution.

Rain fallen, .678 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* B. S.'s letter has been handed to us, and due attention shall be paid to his very sensible and weighty remarks. Some of his hints require mature consideration; and none of his suggestions shall be neglected. It is gratifying to us to find a writer of his ability, and who has evidently thought so much and so justly on the difficult subject of a National Currency, approving of the plan which we are endeavouring to establish in public opinion. Other friends and correspondents are also thanked for their good offices in this matter: we think we have fair grounds for assuring those who have expressed (and those who have taken) much interest in it, that it is not likely to fall to the ground for want of means to push it to discussion,—probably to experiment and trial. The subject will be continued in the *Literary Gazette*.

The Lines on Bishop Heber do not seem to us to be called for in the *Lit. Gaz.* after Mrs. Hemans's beautiful tribute to his memory.

We believe we are in the confidence of more young Ladies and young Gentlemen's loves than any periodical that ever published confessions, declarations, lamentations, approximations, farewells, &c. &c. in rhyme. The burden lies heavy upon our hearts, but we really cannot publish them all.

We cannot give our Constant Reader at Oxford the information he desires: we do not know who wrote the historical articles in the Annual Registers; nor can we tell who pen the criticisms in the larger Reviews. Sometimes certain papers betray their authors, and at other times names are freely given or unfolded by vanity; but the assertions frequently printed in newspapers on these points are often guess-work and often erroneous. Where writers do not declare themselves, we are of opinion that good taste and manners ought to respect their incognito.

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